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PART IV

A Study of Changes in Prose Style

By
RICHARD WILSON

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INTRODUCTION

Prose in Periods.—Literature is a mirror of the social conditions, the ideas, convictions, emotions, and aspirations of the age in which it is produced; and as these things change with the passing of the centuries, so the manner of verbal expression or literary style changes in sympathetic accordance.

Each great writer reveals his own personality, and writes, like Shakespeare, "not for an age, but for all time," otherwise he would not be great; but he is also the product of his period, and his writing shares with that of his contemporaries certain definite characteristics, so that we can truly speak of an Elizabethan prose, a Caroline prose, a Jacobean prose, a Restoration prose, and so on, down the line of time to our own day. And we can trace certain broad movements in prose style of a very interesting character. We propose to do so in the following pages, beginning at the time of Queen Elizabeth, when English prose becomes generally readable by ordinary people of our own time; though they may need occasional help from a glossary of archaisms, and a few footnotes explanatory of obscure references, as well as a certain amount of patience in unravelling the meaning from an unfamiliar accumulation of sentence, clause, and phrase.

Comparisons of Style.—Having read each of the extracts in this book in the first place for its contents—that is, to see what the author has to say—we shall proceed to consider how he has said it or to *study his style of writing*. This can best be done by comparing

the style with that of the representative writers of our own day; for, although each noticeable writer of our time has his personal manner of writing, all agree in certain respects, all reflect the spirit and point of view of their time. In making these comparisons we shall find differences between to-day and the days that have gone before, but we shall find many similarities, for each living writer is the heir of all the ages, and cannot, even if he wishes, cast himself adrift from his literary ancestry.

How do some of the best of our present-day writers express themselves?

Style of To-day.—The best way to find out some of the leading characteristics of present-day prose is to study very carefully a few typical paragraphs. Consider the following:

H. G. Wells

You said that when men ceased to compete, they would stand still. Rather it is true that when men cease their internecine war, then and then only can the race sweep forward. The race will grow in power and beauty swiftly, in every generation it will grow, and not only the human race. All this world will man make a garden for himself, ruling not only his kind but all the lives that live, banishing the cruel from life, making the others merciful and tame beneath his hand. The flies and mosquitoes, the thorns and poisons, the fungus in the blood, and the murrain upon his beasts, he will utterly end. He will rob the atoms of their energy and the depths of space of their secrets. He will break his prison in space. He will step from star to star, as we now step from stone to stone across a stream.

G. Bernard Shaw

By class Joan was the daughter of a working farmer who was one of the head men of his village, and transacted its feudal business for it with the neighbouring

squires and their lawyers. When the castle in which the villagers were entitled to take refuge from raids became derelict, he organized a combination of half a dozen farmers to obtain possession of it so as to occupy it when there was any danger of invasion. As a child Joan could please herself at times with being the young lady of this castle. Her mother and brothers were able to follow and share her fortune at court without making themselves notably ridiculous. These facts leave us no excuse for the popular romance that turns every heroine into either a princess or a beggar maid. In the somewhat similar case of Shakespeare a whole inverted pyramid of wasted research has been based on the assumption that he was an illiterate labourer, in the face of the plainest evidence that his father was a man of business, and at one time a very prosperous one, married to a woman of some social pretensions There is the same tendency to drive Joan into the position of a hired shepherd-girl, though a hired shepherd-girl in Domrémy would have deferred to her as the young lady of the farm.

John Galsworthy

The first time she heard Fiorsen play, she was alone. Unlike most violinists, he was tall and thin, with great pliancy of body and movement. His face was pale and went strangely with hair and moustache of a dirt-gold colour, and his thin cheeks, with very broad, high cheek-bones, had little narrow scraps of whisker. He seemed rather awful to Gyp—but his playing stirred and swept her in an uncanny way. He had remarkable technique; and the intense wayward feeling of his playing was chiselled by it, as if a flame were being frozen in its swaying. She did not join in the rounds of applause, but sat motionless, looking up at him.

John Masefield

He stayed, watching the water so intently that he never saw the approach of a woman, coming from the forest along the path by the river-side. He looked up suddenly and found a tall, old, proud-looking negress

within a few feet of him. She was dressed in black ; she wore a mantilla over her shoulders, and a big straw Gainsborough hat upon her head. She wore very heavy old silver earrings in her ears, which were small. Her nose was small ; her face was sharply and clearly cut ; she walked like an empress ; she had race in every line of her. She carried a small basket which Sard judged to contain eggs or meat. She seemed at once both to resent and to ignore Sard's presence there. Sard saluted her and asked her whether he could reach a road to Las Calonas by continuing along the river.

Arnold Bennett

In the year 1893 there was a new and strange man living at No. 4 St. Luke's Square. Many people remarked on the phenomenon. Very few of his like had ever been seen in Bursley before. One of the striking things about him was the complex way in which he secured himself by means of glittering chains. A chain stretched across his waistcoat, passing through a special button-hole, without a button, in the middle. To this cable was firmly linked a watch at one end and a pencil-case at the other ; the chain also served as a protection against a thief who might attempt to snatch the fancy waistcoat entire. Then there were longer chains beneath the waistcoat, partly designed, no doubt, to deflect bullets, but serving mainly to enable the owner to haul up penknives, cigarette-cases, matchboxes and key-rings from the profundities of hip-pockets. An essential portion of the man's braces, visible sometimes when he played at tennis, and the upper and nether halves of his cuff-links were connected by chains. Occasionally he was to be seen chained to a dog.

Robert Lynd

What one likes about the birds is that they lay such pretty eggs. Even the duck lays a pretty egg. The duck is a plain bird, rather like a charwoman, but it lays an egg which is (or can be) as lovely as an opal. The flavour, I agree, is not Christian, but, like other eggs of

which this can be said, it does for cooking. Hens' eggs are less attractive in colour, but more varied. I have always thought it one of the chief miseries of being a man that, when boiled eggs are put on the table, one does not get first choice, and that all the little brown eggs are taken by women and children before one's own turn comes round. There is one sort of egg with a beautiful sunburnt look that always reminds me of the seaside, and that I have not tasted in a private house for above twenty years. To begin the day with such an egg would put one in a good temper for a couple of hours. But always one is fobbed off with a large white egg of demonstrative uncomeliness. It may taste all right but it does not look all right. Food should appeal to the eye as well as to the palate, as every one recognizes when the blanc-mange that has not set is brought to the table.

Characteristics of Modern Style.—The foregoing are fugitive pieces, but they are sufficient to show generally what good present-day prose-writing is like. I wonder whether you will agree with me in making the following conclusions ?

1. It is intensely alert and alive, not only to big but to little things.

2. It is not "bookish," but rather like good talk, simple, direct, clear, and often somewhat staccato.

3. It avoids "fine writing" or pompous passages, though it can be eloquent in a simple way.

4. It readily admits expressions and phrases which earlier writers would have avoided as undignified, such as "half a dozen," "fobbed off with," and even "rather awful." *

5. It goes straight to the mark, like a motor car.

6. It is pictorial in a marked degree and alive to the value of fine detail.

7. It often has a sense of fun which is not dependent upon the making of jokes.

* It is interesting, however, to note on page 21 the expression, "She gave it him finely," used by an Elizabethan writer.

8. It follows the general rules of grammar, but is not terrorized by them.*

Finally, and chiefly—

9. It is easy to read because it deals with things and ideas which are familiar to us, and therefore does not require the " notes " which are so often necessary to explain allusions in prose of an earlier day, and which spoil the enjoyment of our reading.

The above might be kept steadily in mind while reading prose written in earlier times.

The Writer and his Style.—Every writer who has made a lasting reputation has a manner of writing or style of his own, which cannot be exactly described. We may say glibly that Wells writes in an argumentative style, that Shaw is conversational, and Arnold Bennett precise, but these descriptive adjectives give only a limited notion of each writer's method of appeal to his readers. The French sum up the matter of literary style in their saying, *Le style est l'homme*—The style is the man—meaning that each author's style is the expression of his own personality ; and as no two human beings are exactly alike, outwardly or inwardly, no two literary styles resemble each other in every particular, though it takes a careful and accomplished student to identify, without clues, a piece of writing by any particular author.

Necessities of Style.—At the same time it must

* According to the grammarians, every sentence must have a finite verb. Consider the following passage from *The Strange Vanguard*, by Arnold Bennett :

" The large, low, oval dining-saloon of the yacht *Vanguard*, with a pale stained-glass ceiling faintly lighted from above. The pale, curved walls, diversified with mirrors and with panels of mythology in the Della Robbia style. The huge, oval table, glittering white, with crested earthenware and crystal and many flowers. Stewards in blue and gold, with white gloves, circling watchfully round and round with food for the famished and the dyspeptic. The chief steward behind Count Veruda's chair, attentive, directive, imperative, monosyllabic, exercising dominion by glance and gesture. Between the ring of stewards and the edge of the table—the guests ! "

be remembered that all authors follow certain rules and avoid certain mistakes in making their efforts to express themselves. They all find it necessary to study and practice:

(1) *Correctness of Grammar.*—It is necessary that an author should follow the so-called "rules of grammar," for these rules stand for the agreement among the people who use his language as to the precise way in which it should be used, so that every one may understand clearly what is being said or has been written.

(2) *Clearness.*—This depends upon the proper sequence of sentence and paragraph; the careful use of the right words; correct punctuation; and the avoidance of vulgarisms, slang, provincialisms, circumlocution, technical terms, most foreign phrases, ancient words, and either hackneyed or little known quotations.

The Writer's Period.—At the head of each extract of this book a few particulars are given about the author. This information is given to help you to picture to yourselves the time in which the author wrote, for there are few pieces of English prose which are not connected more or less with the life of the period in which they were written. Do not, therefore, merely memorize the facts set down about the author, but consider what they mean. For example, Sir Philip Sidney's dates, 1554–86, remind us that this author lived during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and as soon as we realize this fact in all its fullness we create in our minds a very varied picture, and remember in a general way what Englishmen were doing and thinking when Sidney lived. The fact that he was *Sir* Philip and a courtier, closely associated with the Queen, places him among the leaders and aristocrats of the reign, and we shall expect this circumstance to have something to do with the subjects he chooses to write about, the way he looks at them, and

his manner of expressing himself about them. We find that he was a soldier and a statesman, not a lawyer or a churchman, and this again will keep us informed as to his type of mind and sympathies. And so with other writers and the particulars given of their lives and fortunes.

PATTERN PROSE

WISDOM AND ARCHERY

ROGER ASCHAM (1515–68)

[Ascham was tutor to Queen Elizabeth and to Lady Jane Grey. He wrote a book on education of gentlefolks called *The Scholemaster*, and *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery.* A passage from each of these two works is appended; the spelling has been modernized.]

1. Quick Wits in Learning

FOR this I know, not only by reading of books in my study, but also by experience of life, abroad in the world, that those which be commonly the wisest, the best learned, and best men also, when they be old, were never commonly the quickest of wit, when they were young. The causes why, amongst other, which be many, that move me thus to think, be these few, which I will reckon. Quick wits commonly, be apt to take, unapt to keep; soon hot and desirous of this and that; as cold and soon weary of the same again: more quick to enter speedily than able to pierce far: even like other sharp tools, whose edge be very soon turned. Such wits delight themselves in easy and pleasant studies, and never pass forward in high and hard sciences. And therefore the quickest wits commonly prove the best poets, but not the wisest

* He also wrote a work on Cock-fighting, which is unfortunately lost.

orators: ready of tongue to speak boldly, not deep of judgment, either for good counsel or wise writing. Also for manners and life, quick wits commonly be, in desire, newfangled, in purpose inconstant, light to promise anything, ready to forget everything: both benefit and injury.

2. Fair Shooting

I can teach you to shoot fair, even as Socrates taught a man once to know God. For when he asked him what was God? "Nay," saith he, "I can tell you better what God is not, as God is not ill, God is unspeakable, unsearchable, and so forth." Even likewise can I say of fair shooting, it hath not this discommodity with it nor that discommodity, and at last a man may so shift all the discommodities from shooting that there shall be left nothing behind but fair shooting. And to do this the better you must remember how that I told you when I described generally the whole nature of shooting, that fair shooting came of these things, of standing, nocking, drawing, holding, and loosing: the which I will go over as shortly as I can, describing the discommodities that men commonly use in all parts of their bodies, that you, if you fault in any such, may know it, and go about to amend it. Faults in archers do exceed the number of archers, which come with use of shooting without teaching. Use and custom separated from knowledge and learning, doth not only hurt shooting, but the most weighty things in the world beside. And, therefore, I marvel much at those people which be the maintainers of uses without knowledge, having no other word in their mouth but this use, use, custom, custom. Such men, more wilful than wise, beside other discommodities, take all place and occasion from all amendment. And this I speak generally of use and custom.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

SIR THOMAS NORTH (1535 ?–1601)

[The following is a translation from the Greek of Plutarch, who wrote the biographies of some of the leading Greeks and Romans of classical times, some of which were used by Shakespeare for several of his plays. North's translation was made in 1579, about three and a half centuries ago. The spelling in the following extract has been modernized. You will notice that the early writers had not learnt the art of paragraphing. They lived in a leisurely age when men did not run as they read.]

ANTONIUS, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her, being this: that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. The messenger sent unto Cleopatra to make this summons unto her, was called Dellius; who, when he had thoroughly considered her beauty, the excellent grace and sweetness of her tongue, he nothing mistrusted that Antonius would do any hurt to so noble a lady, but rather assured himself, that within few days she would be in great favour with him. Thereupon he did her great honour, and persuaded her to come into Cilicia, as honourably furnished as she could possible, and bade her not to be afraid at all of Antonius, for he was a more courteous lord, than any that she had ever seen. Cleopatra on the other side believing Dellius's words, and guessing by the former access and credit she had with Julius Cæsar, and Cnæus Pompey (the son of Pompey the Great) only for her beauty: she began to have good hope that she might more easily win Antonius. For Cæsar and Pompey knew her when she was but a young thing, and knew not then

what the world meant: but now she went to Antonius at the age when a woman's beauty is at the prime, and she also of best judgment. So, she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantments of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself, and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus, the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself: she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys, apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the nymphs Nereids (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces, some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river's side: others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end, there ran such multitudes of people one

Passing, Surpassing.

after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat to give audience: and there went a rumour in the people's mouths, that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus, for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again, he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was contented to obey her, and went to supper to her; where he found such passing sumptuous fare, that no tongue can express it. But amongst all other things, he most wondered at the infinite number of lights and torches hanged on the top of the house, giving light in every place, so artificially set and ordered by devices, some round, some square, that it was the rarest thing to behold that eye could discern, or that ever books could mention. The next night, Antonius, feasting her, contended to pass her in magnificence and fineness: but she overcame him in both. So that he himself began to scorn the gross service of his house, in respect of Cleopatra's sumptuousness and fineness. And when Cleopatra found Antonius's jests and slents to be but gross, and soldier-like, in plain manner, she gave it him finely, and without fear taunted him throughly. Now her beauty (as it is reported) was not so passing, as unmatchable of other women, nor yet such as upon present view did enamour men with her; but so sweet was her company and conversation, that a man could not possibly but be taken. And besides her beauty, the good grace she had to talk and discourse, her courteous nature that tempered her words and deeds, was a spur that pricked to the quick. Furthermore, besides all these, her voice and words were marvellous pleasant, for her tongue was an instrument of music to divers sports and pastimes, the which she easily turned to any language that pleased her. She spake unto few barbarous

people by interpreter, but made them answer herself, or at the least the most part of them: as the Ethiopians, the Arabians, the Troglodytes, the Hebrews, the Syrians, the Medes, and the Parthians, and to many others also, whose languages she had learned. Whereas divers of her progenitors, the kings of Egypt, could scarce learn the Egyptian tongue only, and many of them forgot to speak the Macedonian.

Now, Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Cæsar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the King's Lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia ready to invade Syria; yet (as though all this had nothing touched him) he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra into Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports, (as a man might say) and idle pastimes, the most precious thing a man can spend (as Antiphon sayeth) and that is, time.

EUPHUES TO LUCILLA

JOHN LYLY (1554–1606)

[This author was a professional man of letters, dramatist, prose writer, and the forerunner of the English novelists. His *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, is not really a story, as we now understand the word, but a series of debates with a slender love story running through them. Euphues is an Athenian youth who comes to England to study men and governments, and makes his friend Philautus listen willy-nilly to his sentiments.]

GENTLEWOMAN, my acquaintance being so little, I am afraid my credit will be less, for that they commonly are soonest believed, that are best beloved, and they liked best whom we have known longest. Nevertheless the noble mind suspecteth no guile without cause,

neither condemneth any wight without proof: having therefore notice of your heroical heart, I am the better persuaded of my good hap. So it is, Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the by-word is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end, or as the dry beech kindled at the root, never leaveth until it come to the top; or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein, so affection having caught hold of my heart, and the sparkles of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness), lady, that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me unto this deep distress; but seeing women, when one praiseth them for their deserts, deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial, as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you, and starve to win your good will, that hot love is soon cold: that the bavin though it burn bright is but a blaze; that scalding water if it stand a while turneth almost to ice; that pepper though it be hot in the mouth, is cold in the maw; that the faith of men, though it fry in their words, it freezeth in their works. Which things (Lucilla) albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can they not convince every one of lewdness: neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtlety of a few. For although the worm entereth almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar tree. Though the stone Cylindrus at every thunder-clap, roll from the hill, yet the pure sleek stone mounteth at the noise: though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald: though Polypus change his hue,

yet the salamander keepeth his colour: though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pigmalion retaineth his old form: though Æneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troylus was too faithful to Cressida: though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself, that Euphues will be always current in his dealings. But as the true gold is tried by the touch, (and) the pure flint by the stroke of the iron, so the loyal heart of the faithful lover is known by the trial of his lady: of the which trial (Lucilla) if you shall account Euphues worthy, assure yourself, he will be as ready to offer himself a sacrifice for your sweet sake as yourself shall be willing to employ him in your service. Neither doth he desire to be trusted any way, until he shall be tried every way: neither doth he crave credit at the first, but a good countenance, till time his desire shall be made manifest by his deserts. Thus not blinded by light affection, but dazzled with your rare perfection, and boldened by your exceeding courtesy, I have unfolded mine entire love, desiring you having so good leisure, to give so friendly an answer, as I may receive comfort and you commendation.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

JOHN LYLY (1554–1606)

[The author of *Euphues* wrote prose comedies interspersed with songs which were played by boy actors, the choristers of the schools of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal. It is only fair to show that the author was not always writing in what we now consider an affected style, though traces of euphuism can be plainly seen in most of the speeches of the players. The following is from his comedy entitled *Midas*, based on the old classical story of the king who was granted, at his own request, the gift of the Golden Touch.]

The palace of Midas, King of Phrygia. To the right is the throne, occupied by Midas, Bacchus seated on his right, the councillors standing at his left. Music sounds, and the king's dancing girls enter, and dance in honour of the god. At the end of the dance a serving-boy brings Bacchus wine in a golden cup.

Bacchus. Midas, where the gods bestow benefits, they ask thanks, but where they receive good turns, they give rewards. Thou hast filled mine ears with music, mine eyes with wonders. Bacchus of all the gods is the best fellow, and Midas amongst men a king of fellows. Wouldst thou have the pipes of thy conduits to run wine, the udders of thy beasts to drop nectar, or thy trees to bud ambrosia? Desirest thou to be fortunate in thy love, or in thy victories famous, or to have the years of thy life as many as the hairs on thy head? Nothing shall be denied, so great is Bacchus, so happy is Midas.

Midas. Bacchus, for a king to beg of a god it is no shame, but to ask with advice, wisdom; give me leave to consult, lest desiring things above my reach, I be fired with Phaeton, or against nature, I be drowned with Icarus, and, so perishing, the world shall both laugh and wonder.

Bacchus. Consult, Bacchus will consent.

Midas [*turning to his councillors*]. Now, my lords, let me hear your opinions. What wish may make Midas most happy and his subjects best content?

[*The councillors come forward.*]

Eristus. Were I a king I would wish to possess my mistress, for what sweetness can there be found in life but love?

Phaeton, Who attempted to drive the chariot of the sun, and losing control of the horses, perished in flame.

Icarus, Who flew with wings fastened on with wax, which became softened when he soared near the sun, so that the wings dropped off, and he fell into the sea and was drowned.

Martius. Love is a pastime for children. I would wish to be monarch of the world, conquering kingdoms like villages, and being greatest on the earth to be commander of the whole earth. Command the world, Midas; a greater thing you cannot desire, a less you should not.

Midas. What says Mellacrites?

Mellacrites. Nothing, but that these two have said nothing. I would wish that everything I touched might turn to gold! this is the sinews of war, and the sweetness of peace. In this word gold are all the powers of the gods, the desires of men, the wonders of the world. By gold you may shake the Courts of other princes, and have your own settled; one spade of gold undermines faster than an hundred mattocks of steel. Would one be thought religious and devout? Religion's balance are golden bags. Desire you virtue? The first stair of virtue is money. Doth any thirst after gentry, and wish to be esteemed amiable? King Coin hath a mint to stamp gentlemen, and art to make amiableness. Wish gold, Midas, or wish not to be Midas.

Eristus. To have gold and not love, which cannot be purchased by gold, is to be a slave to gold.

Martius. To possess mountains of gold, and a mistress more precious than gold, and not to command the world, is to make Midas new 'prentice to a mint, and journeyman to a woman.

Mellacrites. To love a fair lady, and want fair gold to give; to have thousands of people to fight, and no penny to pay—will make one's mistress wild, and his soldiers tame.

Eristus. Gold is but the guts of the earth.

Mellacrites. I had rather have the earth's guts than the moon's brains. What is it that gold cannot command, or hath not conquered? Justice herself, that sitteth wimpled about the eyes, doth it not because she will take no gold, but that she would not be seen blushing when she takes it.

Midas. Cease you to dispute. [*The councillors stand aside.*] I am determined. [*Rises, and kneels before the god.*] It is gold, Bacchus, that Midas desireth. Let everything that Midas toucheth be turned to gold—so shalt thou bless thy guest, and manifest thy godhead. Let it be gold, Bacchus.

Bacchus. Midas, thy wish cleaveth to thy last word. [*Pointing*] Take up this stone.

[*Midas does so.*]

Midas [*in wonder and ecstasy*]. Fortunate Midas! It is gold, Mellacrites! gold! it is gold!

[*They gather to see the marvel.*]

Mellacrites [*handing it to him*]. This stick.

Midas [*almost beside himself*]. Gold, Mellacrites! my sweet boy, all is gold. [*Turning to the god and doing obeisance to him*] For ever honoured be Bacchus, that above measure hath made Midas fortunate.

Bacchus. If Midas be pleased Bacchus is. I will to my temple, for by this time there are many to offer unto me sacrifices. Farewell. *Pœnam pro munere poscis.* [*Exit Bacchus.*]

Midas. Come, my lords, I will with gold pave my courts, and deck with gold my turrets. Lesbos and these petty isles near Phrygia shall totter, and other kingdoms be turned topsy-turvy. I will command both the affections of men and their fortunes. The fairest women will give me their love for gold. You, my lords, shall have my hands in your houses, turning your brazen gates to fine gold. Thus shall Midas be monarch of the world, the darer of fortune, the commander of love. Come, let us in.

Mellacrites. We follow, desiring that our thoughts may be touched with thy finger, that they also may become gold.

Eristus. Well, I fear the event, because of Bacchus's last words—*pœnam pro munere poscis*—thou askest a punishment for a reward.

Midas. Tush! he is a drunken god, else he would

not have given so great a gift. Now it is done, I care not for anything he can do.

[*He goes out in high triumph, followed by his councillors.*]

CURTAIN

IN ARCADIA

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–86)

[Sidney's death on the field of Zutphen ended a short but brilliant career as poet, prose writer (a novelist of sorts), statesman, diplomatist, and soldier. His *Arcadia* was a prose romance not only interspersed with real verse, but written throughout in a highly poetical style.]

1. Description of the Country

IN the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales, striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow, made them put off their sleep; and, rising from under a tree which that night had been their pavilion, they went on their journey, which by-and-by welcomed Musidorus's eyes with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort. Here, a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old; there, a young

shepherdess knitting and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country—for many houses came under their eye—they were all scattered, no two being one of the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour; a show, as it were, of an accompanable [companionable] solitariness, and of a civil wildness.

2. Argalus and Parthenia

The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes looked on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey, or rather, because she would obey she therein ruling.

But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand and haste in his countenance, though she knew not what to fear, yet she feared because she knew not; but she rose and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message, yet afar off she looked, now at the messenger, and then at her husband, the same fear which made her loth to have cause of fear yet making her seek cause to nourish her fear. And well she found there was some serious matter, for her husband's countenance figured some resolution between loathsomeness and necessity; and once his eye cast upon her, and finding hers upon him, he blushed, and she

blushed because he blushed, and yet straight grew pale, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read and heard, and despatched away the messenger, like a man in whom honour could not be rocked asleep by affection, with promise quickly to follow, he came to Parthenia, and, sorry as might be for parting, and yet more sorry for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to read. She with fearful slowness took it, and with fearful quickness read it, and having read it, "Ah, my Argalus," said she, "and have you made such haste to answer? and are you so soon resolved to leave me?" But he discoursing unto her how much it imported his honour, which, since it was dear to him, he knew would be dear unto her, her reason, overclouded with sorrow, suffered her not presently to reply, but left the charge thereof to tears and sighs, which he not able to bear, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

But by that time he was armed and ready to go she had recovered a little strength of spirit again, and coming out, and seeing him armed and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, took him by the arm, and kneeling down, without regard who either heard her speech or saw her demeanour, "My Argalus! my Argalus!" said she, "do not thus forsake me. Remember, alas! remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yield shall be thus adventured. Your valour is already sufficiently known, sufficiently have you already done for your country; enow, enow there are beside you to lose less worthy lives. Woe is me! what shall become of me, if you thus abandon me. Then was it time for you to follow these adventures when you adventured nobody but yourself, and were nobody's but your own. But now pardon me that now or never I claim mine own; mine you are, and without me you can undertake no danger, and will you endanger Parthenia? Parthenia shall be in the battle of your fight, Parthenia

shall smart in your pain, and your blood must be shed by Parthenia."

"Dear Parthenia," said he, "this is the first time that ever you resisted my will; I thank you for it, but persevere not in it, and let not the tears of those most beloved eyes be a presage unto me of that which you would not should happen. I shall live, doubt not: for so great a blessing as you are was not given unto me so soon to be deprived of it. Look for me, therefore, shortly, and victorious, and prepare a joyful welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph." She answered not, but stood as it were thunderstricken with amazement, for true love made obedience stand up against all other passions. But when he took her in his arms, and sought to print his heart in her sweet lips, she fell in a swound, so as he was fain to leave her to her gentlewomen; and, carried away by the tyranny of honour, though with many a back-cast look and hearty groan, went to the camp.

RELIGION AND HAPPINESS

Richard Hooker (1553–1600)

[Hooker was a learned divine, at one time Master of the Temple, and later incumbent of Boscombe in Devonshire, his native county, and after that of Bishop's Bourne in Kent. His studious character and well-balanced judgment earned for him the description of "the judicious Hooker." His *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, from which the following passage is taken, is a learned defence of the Church of England.]

Wherefore the sum of every Christian man's duty is to labour by all means towards that which other men seeing in us may justify, and what we ourselves must accuse, if we fall into it, that by all means we can to avoid, considering especially that as hitherto upon the

Church there never yet fell tempestuous storm th
vapours whereof were not first noted to rise fro
coldness in affection and from backwardness in duti
of service towards God, so if that which the tears
antiquity have uttered concerning this point should l
here set down, it were assuredly enough to soften ar
to mollify an heart of steel. On the contrary pai
although we confess with St. Augustine most willingl
that the chiefest happiness for which we have soi
Christian kings in so great admiration above the rest
not because of their long reign, their calm and quiet
departure out of this present life, the settled establish-
ment of their own flesh and blood succeeding them in
royalty and power, the glorious overthrow of foreign
enemies, or the wise prevention of inward dangers ar
of secret attempts at home; all which solaces ar
comforts of this our unquiet life it pleaseth God ofte
times to bestow on them which have no society or pa
in the joys of heaven, giving thereby to understar
that these in comparison are toys and trifles far und
the value and price of that which is to be looked for
His hands; but in truth the reason wherefore
mostly extol their felicity is if so be they have vir
ously reigned, if honour have not filled their hea
with pride, if the exercise of their power have be
service and attendance upon the majesty of the Mo
High, if they have feared Him as their own inferio
and subjects have feared them, if they have lov
neither pomp nor pleasure more than heaven,
revenge have slowly proceeded from them and mer
willingly offered itself, if so they have tempered rigo
with lenity that neither extreme severity might utter
cut them off in whom there was manifest hope
amendment, nor yet the easiness of pardoning offen
embolden offenders, if knowing that whatsoever the
do their potency may bear it out, they have been
much the more careful not to do anything but th
which is commendable in the best rather than usu

with greatest personages, if the true knowledge of themselves have humbled them in God's sight no less than God in the eyes of men hath raised them up; I say albeit we reckon such to be the happiest of them that are mightiest in the world, and albeit those things alone are happiness, nevertheless considering what force there is even in outward blessings to comfort the minds of the best disposed, and to give them the greater joy when religion and peace, heavenly and earthly happiness, are wreathed in one crown, as to the worthiest of Christian princes it hath by the providence of the Almighty hitherto befallen: let it not seem to any man a needless and superfluous waste of labour that there hath been thus much spoken to declare how in them especially it hath been so observed, and withal universally noted even from the highest to the very meanest, how this peculiar benefit, this singular grace and pre-eminence religion hath, that either it guardeth as an heavenly shield from all calamities, or else conducteth us safe through them, and permitteth them not to be miseries; it either giveth honours, promotions, and wealth, or else more benefit by wanting them than if we had them at will; it either filleth our houses with plenty of all good things, or maketh a sallet of green herbs more sweet than all the sacrifices of the ungodly.

THE "REVENGE"

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552–1618)

[Raleigh was a cousin of Sir Richard Grenville, who, when Queen Elizabeth refused to let Raleigh sail in the expedition of 1591 against the Spanish treasure fleet, took his place and died in the famous fight off the Azores. Raleigh wrote his account of this fight in 1592, and the central portion is printed below.]

The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the barque *Raleigh*,

and two or three pinnaces, riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Midleton, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Midleton being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the Fleet was in sight: many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island; some providing ballast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased: in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a barque of Sir George Caryes, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state.

The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was Admiral; the *Revenge*, Vice-Admiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Crosse; the *Lion*, by George Fenner; the *Foresight*, by M. Thomas Vavisour; and the *Crane*, by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the barque *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the Island, were now so soon at hand, as

our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grinvile was the last weighed, to recover the men that were upon the Island which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind, which Sir Richard Grinvile not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship: for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons, in despite of them: and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who as the mariners term it, sprang their luff, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort, as the ship could neither weigh nor feel the helm: so huge and high cargoed was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard: of which the next was the *Admiral of the Biscaines*, a very mighty and puissant ship commanded by Britain Dona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eighty forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*,

four other boarded her; two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with cross-barshot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth, unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back, into their own ships or into the seas.

In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the Armados, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force: Sir Richard bid him save himself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the *Admiral* of the hulks both sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made.

Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of

Armados, Great ships of war.

the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Islands, examined by some of the Lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was a-dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin, of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrue, of her Majesty's Privy Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several Armados assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success: but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight, she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, board-

ings, and entrings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armados, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring about him; the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea: commanded the master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a Navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal. And persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their own lives for a few hours, or a few days.

The master-gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleging that the Spaniard would be as

ready to entertain a composition, as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being diver. sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable service hereafter. And (that where Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty's, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves) they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the master of the *Revenge* (while the Captain won unto him the greater party) was convoyed aboard the *General Don Alfonso Bassan*; who finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grinvile, whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master-gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master-gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and

mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships.

Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter-house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The *General* used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailed the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repel the assaults and entry of so many soldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon*, of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the Armada was Don Alfonso Bassan, brother to the Marquess of Santa Cruce. The Admiral of the Biscaine squadron was Britain Dona. Of the squadron Sivil, Marquess of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Cutino. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near two thousand of the enemies, and two especial commanders, Don Luis de

Squadron Sivil, Squadron of Seville.

sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malhaca, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The *Admiral* of the hulks and the *Ascention* of Sivil were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the road of Saint Michels, and sunk also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land, we know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the fame to his posterity, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

A VOYAGE TO THE EAST INDIES

RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553?–1616)

[Hakluyt was not an author, but an editor who collected stories from various sources and rewrote or translated them, sometimes taking them down from the mouths of men who had "gone down to the sea in ships" and "seen the wonders of the Lord." Though the substance of his stories may not be his own, he must be credited with (or take the responsibility for) the style in which they are written. He was associated with Raleigh, and the chapter about the *Revenge*, which we have just read, is found in the collection known as *Hakluyt's Voyages*.]

A voyage with three tall ships, the "Penelope" Admiral, the "Merchant Royal" Vice-Admiral, and the "Edward Bonaventure" Rear-Admiral to the East Indies, by the Cape of Buona Speransa to Quitangone

Buona Speransa, Good Hope.

near Mosambique, to the Isles of Comoro and Zanzibar on the backside of Africa, and beyond Cape Comori in India to the Isles of Nicubar and of Gomes Polo within two leagues of Sumatra to the Islands of Pulo Pinaom, and thence to the main land of Malacca; begun by Mr. George Raymond in the year 1591, *and performed by Mr. James Lancaster, and written from the mouth of Edmund Barker of Ipswich, his lieutenant in the said voyage, by Mr. Richard Hakluyt.*

OUR fleet of the three tall ships above named departed from Plymouth the 10 of April, 1591, and arrived at the Canary Islands the 25 of the same, from whence we departed the 29 of April. The second of May we were in the height of Cape Blanco. The fifth we passed the tropic of Cancer. The eighth we were in the height of Cape Verde. All this time we went with a fair wind at North-east, always before the wind until the 13 of the same month, when we came within 8 degrees of the Equinoctial line, where we met with a contrary wind. Here we lay off and on in the sea until the sixth of June, on which day we passed the said line. While we lay thus off and on, we took a Portugal Caravel laden by merchants of Lisbon for Brazil, in which caravel we had some 60 tuns of wine, 1,200 jars of oil, about 100 jars of olives, certain barrels of capers, three vats of peasen, with divers other necessities fit for our voyage: which wine, oil, olives, and capers were better to us than gold. We had two men died before we passed the line, and divers sick which took their sickness in those hot climates, for they be wonderful unwholesome from 8 degrees of Northerly latitude unto the line at that time of year, for we had nothing but tornadoes, with such thunder, lightning, and rain that we could not keep our men dry three hours together. . . . On the 28th of July we had sight of the Cape of Buona Esperansa . . . but our men being weak and sick in all our ships we thought good to seek some place to

refresh them. With which consent we bare up with the land to the Northward of the Cape, and going along the shore we espied a goodly bay with an island lying to seawards of it, into which we did bear, and found it very commodious for our ships to ride in. This bay is called Agoada de Saldanha, lying 15 leagues northward in the hither side of the Cape. The first of August being Sunday we came to an anchor in the bay, sending our men on land, and there came unto them certain black savages, very brutish, which would not stay, but retired from them. For the space of 15 or 20 days we could find no relief but only fowls, which we killed with our pieces, which were cranes and geese, there were no fish but mussels and other shell fish, which we gathered on the rocks. . . . After we had been here some time we got here a negro, whom we compelled to march into the country with us, making signs to bring us some cattle, but at this time we could come to the sight of none, so we let the negro go with some trifles. Within 8 days after he, with 30 or 40 other negroes, brought down some 40 bullocks and oxen with as many sheep. . . . We bought an ox for two knives, a stirk for a knife, and a sheep for a knife, and some we bought for less value than a knife.

(*The "Merchant Royal" was sent back to England shortly afterwards.*) Our Admiral, Mr. Captain Raymond in the *Penelope*, and Mr. James Lancaster in the *Edward Bonaventure*, set forward to double the Cape of Buona Esperansa, which they did very speedily. But being passed as far as Cape dos Corrientes, the 24th of September, we were encountered with a mighty storm and extreme gusts of wind, where we lost our General's company, and could never hear of him nor his ship any more, though we did our best endeavour to seek him up and down a long while, and stayed for him certain days at the Island of Comoro, where we appointed to stay one for another. Four days after this uncomfortable separation, in the morning towards

ten of the clock, we had a terrible clap of thunder which slew four of our men outright . . . and of 94 men there was not one untouched, whereof some were stricken blind . . . but (God be thanked) they all recovered saving only the four which were slain outright. Also with the same thunder our main mast was torn very grievously from the head to the deck, and some of the spikes that were ten inches into the timber were melted with the extreme heat thereof. From thence we shaped our course to the North East, and not long after we fell upon the North West end of the mighty Island of St. Laurence, which one of our men espied of God's good blessing late in the evening by moonlight, who seeing afar off the breaking of the sea, and calling to certain of his fellows, asked them what it was; which eftsoons told him that it was the breaking of the sea upon the shoulds. Whereupon in very good time we cast about to avoid the danger which we were like to have incurred. Thus passing on forwards it was our luck to over-shoot Mozambique and to fall with a place called Quitangone, two leagues to the Northward of it, and we took three or four barks of Moors, which barks in their language they call Pangaias, laden with millio, hens and ducks, with one Portugal boy, going for the provision of Mozambique. Within a few days following we came to an island an hundred leagues to the Northeast of Mozambique called Comoro, which we found exceedingly full of people, which are Moors of tawny colour and good stature, but they be very treacherous and diligently to be taken heed of. Here we desired to store ourselves with water, whereof we stood in great need, and sent sixteen of our men well armed on shore in our boat, whom the people suffered quietly to land and water, and divers of them with their King came aboard our ship in a gown of crimson satin pinked after the Moorish fashion down to the knee, whom we entertained in the best manner, and had some conference with him of the state of the place

and merchandises, using our Portugal boy which we had taken before for our interpreter, and in the end licensed the king and his company to depart and sent our men again for more water, who then also dispatched their business and returned quietly; the third time likewise we sent them for more which also returned without any harm. And though we thought ourselves furnished yet our master William Mace of Radcliffe pretending that it might be long before we should find any good watering place, would needs go himself on shore with thirty men much against the will of our captain, and he and 16 of his company, together with one boat which was all that we had, and sixteen others that were a-washing over against our ship, were betrayed of the perfidious Moors, and in our sight for the most part slain, we not being able for want of a boat to yield them any succour. From thence with heavy hearts we shaped our course for Zanzibar the 7th of November. . . .

(*After many adventures the voyagers reached the ancient port of Rye, on Friday, May* 24, 1594.)

BIBLE NARRATIVES

(*Translated* 1604–11 *by* 47 *Translators under Dr. John Reynolds of Corpus Christi College, Oxford*)

[The already existing translations of Wyclif, Coverdale, and Tyndale were laid before the Revisers and were freely used in making the new rendering of the Old and New Testaments.]

1. Naaman the Syrian (Second Book of Kings, v.)

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable, because by him the Lord had given deliverance

unto Syria: He was also a mighty man in valour, but he was a leper.

And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife.

And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel.

And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment.

And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the King of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel.

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha.

And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and

stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place and recover the leper.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean?

Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel: now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant.

But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it; but he refused.

And Naaman said, Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord.

In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing.

And he said unto him, Go in peace. So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he

brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well?

And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content, take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, and two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him.

And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house: and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither.

And he said unto him, Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maidservants?

The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever. And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

2. The First Christmas (St. Luke, ii.)

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall *be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

And all they that heard *it* wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

THE GODS OF CALIBAN

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

[Shakespeare's *The Tempest* is dated at 1610–11, so that, while the Revisers were finishing their great version of the Bible, our greatest dramatist was writing prose when his work required it; and indeed some of the most powerful parts of his plays are written in prose. This passage is the counterpart of Hakluyt's presentation of the Elizabethan sailor, a God-fearing, patriotic pirate. Shakespeare, too, had met sailors, "home from the sea," at Wapping and other places on Thames-side, and here are two of them. Here also in this play is his free

dramatic rendering of a true story of adventure, that of Sir George Somers to the Bermudas. Note that the stage directions following were not written by Shakespeare.]

A desolate stretch of beach, along which comes Caliban with a heavy burden of wood. He throws it down with a snarl. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! [*Thunder.*] His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. [*Looks around apprehensively*] But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em ; but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.
[*Trinculo comes into sight.*]
Lo, now, lo !
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me.
[*Lies down and draws his cloak over him.*]

Trin. [*Looking around*] Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : [*Looking up*] yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to

Urchin-shows, Goblin apparitions. *Mow*, Grimace.
Bombard, Large leathern wine-vessel.

hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. [*Stumbling on Caliban*] What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. [*Walking round him*] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! [*Poking him*] Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; [*Does so*] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Draws Caliban's cloak over him.*]

[*Enter Stephano, singing: a bottle in his hand.*]

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings*]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

Poor-John, Dried and salted hake-fish.
Make a man, probably, Make his fortune. (In reading, stress *make*.)
Doit, Farthing. *Gaberdine*, Long cloak.

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

Cal. [*Groaning under his cloak*] Do not torment me : Oh !

Ste. [*Seeing the "monster" and starting back*] What's the matter ? Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha ? [*Advancing very bravely*] I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. [*As Trinculo struggles to get farther under the cloak*] The spirit torments me ; Oh !

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language ? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat : open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell

Neat's-leather, Ox-hide.

you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

[*Forces Caliban to drink.*]

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! [*Takes away bottle*] I will pour some in thy other mouth. [*Searches for Trinculo's head.*]

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? [*Backing away.*] Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. [*Peering out*] Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: [*Grasps his ankles*] if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Drags him clear*] Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?

Trin. [*Getting on to his feet*] I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? [*Embracing him*] O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

No long spoon, A reference to the proverb, "One must have a long spoon to sup with the Devil."

Siege, Seat. *Moon-calf*, Monstrosity.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. [*Crawling to his feet*] I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. [*To Trinculo*] Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. [*Offering the bottle*] Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. [*After a long drink*] O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: [*Drinks*] my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. [*Caliban touches his feet*] How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was. [*Drinks.*]

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

[*Caliban stands up, takes the bottle and drinks.*]

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Sack, Spanish white wine.

Cal. [*Giving back the bottle*] I'll show thee every
fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss. [*Caliban kisses his feet.*]

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. [*Rising*] I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Crabs, Crab-apples.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring ;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master : get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster ! Lead the way.

[*They follow him along the shore.*]

THE FIRE-SHIPS AT CALAIS

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551–1623)

[William Camden, at one time headmaster of Westminster School, wrote in Latin the *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, and the following passage was translated from that work by Richard Norton, who has successfully reproduced as far as possible the style of the original. Note that this is a history of contemporary events.]

THE next day the Lord Admiral knighted the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Sheffield, Roger Townsend, John Hawkins, and Martin Frobisher for their valour. And it was resolved from henceforth to assail the enemy no more, till they came to the British Frith or Straits of Calais, where the Lord Henry Seimore and Sir William Winter awaited their coming. So with a fair Etesian gale, (which in our sky bloweth for the most part from the Southwest and by south clear and fair) the Spanish fleet sailed forward, the English fleet following it close at the heels. But so far was it from terrifying the sea-coast with the name of Invincible or with the terrible spectacle, that the youth of England with a certain incredible alacrity (leaving their parents, wives, children, cousins, and friends, out of their entire love to their country,) hired ships from all parts

at their own private charges and joined with the fleet in great number: and amongst others the Earls of Oxford, Northumberland, Cumberland, Thomas and Robert Cecyl, Henry Brooke, Charles Blunt, Walter Raleigh, William Hatton, Robert Cary, Ambrose Willoughby, Thomas Gerard, Arthur Gorges, and others of great note.

The 27th day of this month towards night, the Spaniards came to an anchor before Calais, being warned by the pilots, that if they proceeded any farther, it was to be feared lest they should be driven by force of the tide into the North Ocean. And near unto them also rode at anchor the Lord Admiral with his ships, within cannon shot of them, with whom Seimore and Winter joined their ships. And now were there in the English fleet 140 sail, all able ships to fight, sail and wind about which way they would: yet were there not above fifteen, which in a manner sustained and repulsed the whole weight of the fight. The Spaniards forthwith, as they had done many times before, urged the Duke of Parma by messengers despatched one after another, to send 40 fleyboats, that is, light vessels, without which he could not well fight with the English by reason of the over-greatness and slowness of the Spanish ships, and the singular agility of the English: and they most earnestly prayed him to put to sea with his Army, which the Spanish fleet would protect as it were under her wings, (for so it was resolved) till it were landed in England. But he being unready could not be present at their call, his flat-bottomed boats for the shallow channels leaked, his provision of victuals was not ready, and his sailors having been stayed against their wills, had withdrawn themselves. There lay watching also at the entrance of the Havens of Dunkirk and Nieuport, whence he was to put forth to sea, the ships of war of the Hollanders and Zeelanders, so strongly provided of great ordnance and musket-

eers, that he would not put from shore, unless he would wilfully thrust himself and his upon present death. And yet he, a skilful and industrious warrior, seemed to omit nothing, being inflamed with desire of the conquest of England.

But Queen Elizabeth's foresight prevented both his diligence and the credulous hope of the Spaniards, for by her commandment, the next day after the Spaniards had cast anchor, the Lord Admiral made ready eight of his worst ships, besmeared with wild-fire, pitch and rosin, and filled with brimstone and other combustible matter, and sent them down the wind in the dead of the night under the guiding of Young and Prowse, into the Spanish fleet; which, when the Spaniards espied approaching towards them, the whole sea being light with the flame thereof, supposing that those incendiary ships, besides the danger of the fire, were also provided of deadly engines and murdering inventions, they raised a pitiful cry, weighed anchor, cut their cables, and in a terrible panic fear, with great haste and confusion, put to sea. Amongst which the Great Galleasse having broken her rudder, floated up and down, and the next day fearfully making towards Calais, ran aground upon the sands, and was fought withal with variable fortune by Amias Preston, Thomas Gerard and Harvey, Don Hugo de Moncade, the Captain, being slain, and the soldiers and others either drowned or put to the sword, and a great quantity of gold being pillaged. The ship and ordnance fell to the Governor of Calais.

The Spaniards report that the Duke, when those incendiary ships approached, commanded the whole fleet to weigh anchor, yet so, as having avoided the danger, every ship should return to his quarter. And certainly he returned himself, giving a sign to the rest to do the like, by discharging a great piece, which notwithstanding was heard but of a few, for that they being scattered all about, were driven for fear, some

of them into the wide ocean, and some upon the shallows of Flanders.

In the meantime Drake and Fenner played hotly with their ordnance upon the Spanish fleet that was gathering together again over against Graveling, with whom presently after joined Fenton, Southwell, Beeston, Crosse, Riman, and soon after, the Lord Admiral himself, the Lord Thomas Howard and the Lord Sheffield. The Duke, Leva, Oquenda, Recalde, and the rest, with much ado got clear of the shallows, and sustained the charge all they could, insomuch as most of their ships were very much torn and shot through. The galleon *St. Matthew*, under the command of Don Diego Pimentelli, commencing to rescue Don Francisco de Toledo in the *S. Philip*, (which was sore battered with many great shot by Seimore and Winter, driven near Ostend, and again shot through and through by the Zeelanders, and taken by the Flushingers,) was likewise taken, and the whole Spanish fleet most grievously distressed all the day long.

STUDIES

Francis Bacon, Viscount Verulam (1561–1624)

[Bacon was a learned man, a scholar, scientist, and lawyer, as well as a shrewd man of the world. He became Lord Chancellor, but was accused by his enemies of taking bribes, and was condemned to imprisonment. The king, however, intervened, and he spent the rest of his days at Gorhambury, devoting himself to the study of science. His *Essays, Civil and Moral*, from which the following paper is taken, was a new thing in English literature, though France already had an essayist in Montaigne.]

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and re-

tiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile: natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic

Proyning, Pruning; cultivating. *Flashy*, Insipid; "flat."

and rhetoric able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores." Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies: like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again: if his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*: if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases: so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

A COMPLETE EDUCATION

JOHN MILTON (1608–74)

[Milton's ideas on education were set down in a letter written to Mr. Samuel Hartlieb about 1644, so that it preceded his great epic *Paradise Lost* by more than a quarter of a century.]

I WILL point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of

Abeunt studia, etc., Studies go to form character.
Reins, Kidneys.
Schoolmen, The mediæval scholars who were famous for pedantry, and *cymini sectores*, *i.e.* hair-splitters.
Receipt, Cure.

such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles, which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible age. I call therefore a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war. And how all this may be done between twelve and one and twenty, less time than is now bestowed in pure trifling at grammar and sophistry, is to be thus ordered.

First, to find out a spacious house and ground about it fit for an academy, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty persons, whereof twenty or thereabouts may be attendants, all under the government of one, who shall be thought of desert sufficient, and ability either to do all, or wisely to direct and oversee it done. This place should be at once both school and university, not needing a remove to any other house of scholarship, except it be some peculiar college of law, or physic, where they mean to be practitioners; but as for those general studies which take up all our time from Lily to commencing, as they term it, master of art, it should be absolute. After this pattern, as many edifices may be converted to this use as shall be needful in every city throughout this land, which would tend much to the increase of learning and civility everywhere. This number, less or more this collected, to the convenience of a foot company, or interchangeably two troops of cavalry, should divide their day's work into three parts as it lies orderly: their studies, their exercise, and their diet.

For their studies: first, they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar, either that now used, or any better; and while this is doing, their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct

and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward, so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth, is as ill a hearing as law French. Next, to make them expert in the usefullest points of grammar, and withal to season them and win them early to the love of virtue and true labour, ere any flattering seducement or vain principle seize them wandering, some easy and delightful book of education would be read to them whereof the Greeks have store, as Cebes, Plutarch, and other Socratic discourses. But in Latin we have none of classic authority extant, except the two or three first books of Quinctilian, and some select pieces elsewhere.

But here the main skill and groundwork will be to temper them such lectures and explanations, upon every opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men, and worthy patriots, dear to God, and famous to all ages. That they may despise and scorn all their childish and ill-taught qualities, to delight in manly and liberal exercises, which he who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual persuasions, and what with the intimation of some fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardour, as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless men. At the same time, some other hour of the day, might be taught them the rules of arithmetic; and soon after the elements of geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After evening repast, till bedtime, their

thoughts would be best taken up in the easy grounds of religion, and the story of scripture.

The next step would be to the authors of agriculture, Cato, Varro, and Columella, for the matter is most easy; and, if the language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their years. And here will be an occasion of inciting, and enabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their country, to recover the bad soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good; for this was one of Hercules' praises. Ere half these authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard and daily) they cannot choose but be masters of any ordinary prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern author the use of the globes, and all the maps, first with the old names, and then with the new; or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural philosophy.

PISCATOR AND VENATOR

Izaak Walton (1593–1683)

[Walton was a London tradesman who had literary and scholarly friends and produced *The Compleat Angler*, the first English classic on the art of fishing. Andrew Lang wrote of it: "Our angling literature is copious, practical, full of anecdote; Walton alone gave it style. He is not so much unrivalled as absolutely alone. Heaven meant him for the place he fills, as it meant the cowslips and the Mayfly."]

Venator. My friend Piscator, you have kept time with my thoughts; for the sun is just rising, and I myself just now come to this place, and the dogs have just now put down an Otter. Look down at the bot-

Grounds, Foundations.

tom of the hill there in that meadow, checkered with water-lilies and lady-smocks ; there you may see what work they make. Look ! look ! you may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy.

Pisc. Sir, I am right glad to meet you, and glad to have so fair an entrance into this day's sport, and glad to see so many dogs, and more men all in pursuit of the Otter. Let's compliment no longer, but join unto them. Come, honest Venator, let's be gone, let us make haste ; I long to be doing : no reasonable hedge or ditch shall hold me.

Ven. Gentleman Huntsman, where found you this Otter ?

Hunt. Marry, Sir, we found her a mile from this place, a-fishing : she has this morning eaten the greatest part of this Trout ; she has only left thus much of it, as you see, and was fishing for more. When we came, we found her just at it : but we were here very early, we were here an hour before sunrise, and have given her no rest since we came ; sure she will hardly escape all these dogs and men. I am to have the skin if we kill her.

Ven. Why, Sir, what's the skin worth ?

Hunt. 'T is worth ten shillings to make gloves ; the gloves of an Otter are the best fortification for your hands that can be thought on against wet weather.

Pisc. I pray, honest Huntsman, let me ask you a pleasant question : Do you hunt a beast or a fish ?

Hunt. Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you. I leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians, who have made vows never to eat flesh. But I have heard the question hath been debated among many great clerks, and they seem to differ about it ; yet most agree that her tail is fish : and if her body be fish too, then I may say that a fish will walk upon land, for an Otter does so sometimes five, or six, or ten miles in a night, to catch for her young ones, or to glut herself with fish, and I can tell you that pigeons will fly

forty miles for a breakfast; but, Sir, I am sure the Otter devours much fish, and kills and spoils much more than he eats: and I can tell you that this Dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water an hundred yards from him: Gesner says much farther, and that there is an herb, Benione, which being hung in a linen-cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that he uses, makes him to avoid the place; which proves he smells both by water and land. And I can tell you there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall; where there have been so many, that our learned Camden says there is a river called Ottersey, which was so named by reason of the abundance of Otters that bred and fed in it.

And thus much for my knowledge of the Otter, which you may now see above water, and the dogs close with him; I now see he will not last long: follow, therefore, my masters, follow, for Sweetlips was just like to have him.

Ven. Oh me! all the horse are got over the river. What shall we do now? shall we follow them over the water?

Hunt. No, Sir, no, be not so eager: stay a little and follow me, for both they and the dogs will be suddenly on this side again, I warrant you: and the Otter too, it may be. Now have at him with Kilbuck.

Ven. Now, now Ringwood has him: now he's gone again, and has bit the poor dog. Now Sweetlips has her; hold her, Sweetlips! Now all the dogs have her, some above and some under water; but now, now she's tired, and past losing: come, bring her to me, Sweetlips. Look, 't is a Bitch-Otter, and she has lately whelped: let's go to the place where she was put down, and not far from it you will find all her young ones, I dare warrant you, and kill them all too.

Hunt. Come, Gentlemen! come all! let's go to the place where we put down the Otter. Look you, here-

about it was that she kennelled ; look you, here it was indeed, for here's her young ones, no less than five : come, let's kill them all.

Pisc. No, I pray, Sir, save me one, and I'll try if I can make her tame, as I know an ingenious gentleman in Leicestershire, Mr. Nich. Seagrave, has done ; who hath not only made her tame, but to catch fish, and do many other things of much pleasure.

Hunt. Take one with all my heart, but let us kill the rest. And now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley-wine, and sing "Old Rose," and all of us rejoice together.

Ven. Come, my friend Piscator, let me invite you along with us. I'll bear your charges this night, and you shall bear mine to-morrow ; for my intention is to accompany you a day or two in fishing.

Pisc. Sir, your request is granted, and I shall be right glad, both to exchange such a courtesy, and also to enjoy your company.

Ven. Well, now let's go to your sport of Angling.

Pisc. Let's be going with all my heart. God keep you all, Gentlemen, and send you meet this day with another Bitch-Otter, and kill her merrily, and all her young ones too.

Ven. Now, Piscator, where will we begin to fish ?

Pisc. We are not yet come to a likely place : I must walk a mile further yet, before I begin.

Ven. Well then, I pray, as we walk, tell me freely how do you like your lodging, and mine host, and the company ? Is not mine host a witty man ?

Pisc. Sir, I will tell you presently what I think of your host ; but first I will tell you, I am glad these Otters were killed, and I am sorry that there are no more otter-killers ; for I know that the want of otter-killers, and the not keeping the Fence-months for the preservation of fish, will in time prove the destruction of all rivers ; and those very few that are left, that make conscience of the laws of the nation, and of

keeping days of abstinence, will be forced to eat flesh, or suffer more inconveniences than are yet foreseen.

Ven. Why, Sir, what be those that you call the Fence-months ?

Pisc. Sir, they be principally three, namely, March, April, and May ; for these be the usual months that Salmon come out of the sea to spawn in most fresh rivers, and their fry would about a certain time return back to the salt water, if they were not hindered by weirs and unlawful gins, which the greedy fishermen set, and so destroy them by thousands ; as they would, being so taught by Nature, change the fresh for salt water. He that shall view the wise statutes made in the 13th of Edward I., and the like in Richard II., may see several provisions made against the destruction of fish ; and though I profess no knowledge of the law, yet I am sure the regulation of these defects might be easily mended. But I remember that a wise friend of mine did usually say, " That which is everybody's business is nobody's business ; " if it were otherwise, there could not be so many nets and fish that are under the statute size sold daily amongst us, and of which the conservators of the waters should be ashamed.

But above all, the taking fish in spawning-time may be said to be against nature ; it is like the taking the dam on the nest when she hatches her young ; a sin so against nature, that Almighty God hath in the Levitical law, Deuteron. xxii. 6, 7, made a law against it.

But the poor fish have enemies enough beside such unnatural Fishermen, as namely, the Otters that I spake of, the Cormorant, the Bittern, the Osprey, the Sea-gull, the Heron, the Kingfisher, the Gorara, the Puet, the Swan, Goose, Ducks, and the Craber, which some call the Water-rat : against all which any honest man may make a just quarrel, but I will not, I will leave them to be quarrelled with and killed by others ; for I am not of a cruel nature,—I love to kill nothing but fish.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY

JOHN BUNYAN (1628–88)

[Bunyan was the son of a tinker, born at Elstow, and educated at Bedford Grammar School, served in the Civil War, and becoming later a Nonconformist preacher, was imprisoned for preaching. He spent twelve years in prison, and then became minister of Bedford Baptist Chapel. The first part of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, from which the following is taken, appeared ten years before his death. It is an allegory of the life of the Christian man presented in the form of an adventurous journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, and it is one of the world's greatest books both for matter and style.]

THEN I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

I beheld then, that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; at the bottom of which was a spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof, to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying:—

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let's neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill; but when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again, with that up which Christian went, on the other side of the hill: therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood, and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

Shall they who wrong begin yet rightly end?
Shall they at all have safety for their friend?
No, no; in headstrong manner they set out,
And headlong will they fall at last no doubt.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now, about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers; thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." And with that Christian started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace, till he came to the top of the hill.

Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him amain; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other, Mistrust; to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter? You run the wrong way. Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but, said he, the further we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces.

Chr. Then said Christian, You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But, thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein, and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill; and, falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid

himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side, and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey. He went thus, till he came again within sight of the arbour where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, "O wretched man that I am!" that I should sleep in the day-time! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims!

How many steps have I took in vain! Thus it happened to Israel, for their sin; they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once; yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept!

Now, by this time he was come to the arbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last, as Christian would have it, looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll; the which he, with trembling and haste, catched up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll again! for this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore, he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But, oh, how nimbly

now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet, before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to condole with himself. O thou sinful sleep: how, for thy sake, am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun; darkness must cover the path of my feet; and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep. Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frighted with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? How should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage he lift up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful; and it stood just by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that had none. Keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

Difficulty is behind, Fear is before,
Though he's got on the hill, the lions roar;
A Christian man is never long at ease,
When one fright's gone, another doth him seize.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm.

Then he clapped his hands and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the porter, Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night? The porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims. The porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going.

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion; but because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night.

Por. What is your name?

Chr. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless. I came of the race of Japheth, whom God will persuade to dwell in the tents of Shem.

Por. But how doth it happen that you come so late? The sun is set.

Chr. I had been here sooner, but that, "wretched man that I am!" I slept in the arbour that stands on the hill-side; nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that, in my sleep, I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced, with sorrow of heart, to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it, and now I am come.

Por. Well, I will call out one of the virgins of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in

to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house.

So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, This man is on a journey from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion, but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night; so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way; and he told her. And last she asked his name; so he said, It is Christian, and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill, for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them, meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord;" this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose, to entertain such pilgrims in. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together, that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time; and they appointed Piety and Prudence and Charity to discourse with him.

ON TOLERATION

JOHN LOCKE (1632–1704)

[Locke was a philosopher, interested in the workings of the human mind rather than in the outward lives of the men and women about him. Reason was his guide, and he was as far removed from Bunyan in his view of life as he could possibly be. So we find his writings cold, difficult, and at first uninteresting, but he is always clear, direct, and as simple as his subject would allow him to be. Bunyan addressed himself to the ordinary man, Locke to the student.]

SINCE therefore it is unavoidable to the greatest part of men, if not all, to have several opinions, without certain and indubitable proofs of their truths; and it carries too great an imputation of ignorance, lightness, or folly, for men to quit and renounce their former tenets presently upon the offer of an argument which they cannot immediately answer and show the insufficiency of; it would, methinks, become all men to maintain peace and the common offices of humanity and friendship in the diversity of opinions, since we cannot reasonably expect that any one should readily and obsequiously quit his own opinion, and embrace ours with a blind resignation to an authority which the understanding of man acknowledges not.

For, however it may often mistake, it can own no other guide but reason, nor blindly submit to the will and dictates of another. If he you would bring over to your sentiments be one that examines before he assents, you must give him leave at his leisure to go over the account again, and recalling what is out of his mind examine the particulars, to see on which side the advantage lies; and if he will not think our arguments of weight enough to engage him anew in so much pains, it is but what we do often ourselves in the like case;

of them stepped to me, and pointing to a hut on the other side of the hill, I was astonished to see a white man indeed, but stark naked, very busy near the door of his hut, and stooping down to the ground with something in his hand, as if he had been at some work, and his back being towards us, he did not see us.

I gave notice to our negroes to make no noise, and waited till some more of our men were come up, to show the sight to them, that they might be sure I was not mistaken; and we were soon satisfied of the truth, for the man, having heard some noise, started up, and looked full at us, as much surprised, to be sure, as we were, but whether with fear or hope, we then knew not.

As he discovered us, so did the rest of the inhabitants belonging to the huts about him, and all crowded together, looking at us at a distance, a little bottom, in which the brook ran, lying between us; the white man, and all the rest, as he told us afterwards, not knowing well whether they should stay or run away. However, it presently came into my thoughts, that if there were white men among them, it would be much easier to make them understand what we meant as to peace or war, than we found it with others; so tying a piece of white rag to the end of a stick, we sent two negroes with it to the banks of the water, carrying the pole up as high as they could; it was presently understood, and two of their men and the white man came to the shore on the other side.

However, as the white man spoke no Portuguese, they could understand nothing of one another but by signs; but our men made the white man understand that they had white men with them too, at which they said the white man laughed. However, to be short, our men came back, and told us they were all good friends, and in about an hour four of our men, two

negroes, and the black prince, went to the river-side, where the white man came to them.

They had not been half a quarter of an hour, but a negro came running to me, and told me the white man was Inglese, as he called him; upon which I ran back, eagerly enough, you may be sure, with him, and found, as he said, that he was an Englishman; upon which he embraced me very passionately, the tears running down his face. The first surprise of his seeing us was over before we came, but any one may conceive it by the brief account he gave us afterwards of his very unhappy circumstances, and of so unexpected a deliverance, such as perhaps never happened to any man in the world, for it was a million to one odds that ever he could have been relieved; nothing but an adventure that never was heard or read of before could have suited his case, unless Heaven, by some miracle that never was to be expected, had acted for him.

He appeared to be a gentleman, not an ordinary-bred fellow, seaman, or labouring man; this showed itself in his behaviour in the first moment of our conversing with him, and in spite of all the disadvantages of his miserable circumstances.

He was a middle-aged man, not above thirty-seven or thirty-eight, though his beard was grown exceedingly long, and the hair of his head and face strangely covered him to the middle of his back and breast; he was white, and his skin very fine, though discoloured, and in some places blistered, and covered with a brown blackish substance, scurfy, scaly, and hard, which was the effect of the scorching heat of the sun; he was stark naked, and had been so, as he told us, upwards of two years.

He was so exceedingly transported at our meeting with him, that he could scarce enter into any discourse at all with us that day; and when he could get away from us for a little, we saw him walking

alone, and showing all the most extravagant tokens of an ungovernable joy; and even afterwards he was never without tears in his eyes for several days, upon the least word spoken by us of his circumstances, or by him of his deliverance.

We found his behaviour the most courteous and endearing I ever saw in any man whatever, and most evident tokens of a mannerly, well-bred person appeared in all things he did or said, and our people were exceedingly taken with him. He was a scholar and a mathematician; he could not speak Portuguese indeed, but he spoke Latin to our surgeon, French to another of our men, and Italian to a third.

He had no leisure in his thoughts to ask us whence we came, whither we were going, or who we were; but would have it always as an answer to himself, that to be sure, wherever we were a-going, we came from Heaven, and were sent on purpose to save him from the most wretched condition that ever man was reduced to.

GULLIVER REACHES BROBDINGNAG

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745)

[Swift was Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and was one of the leading Tory journalists and pamphleteers of his time. He was a severe, if not savage, critic of manners, and his *Gulliver's Travels*, now used largely as a book of adventure for children, was written to show up the follies of the age in which he lived. He had, on the whole, a hard and unhappy life, and his last years were clouded by mental breakdown, which facts are relevant to any inquiry into the contents and style of his writings.]

HAVING been condemned by nature to an active and restless life, in two months after my return, I again left my native country, and took shipping in the

Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, Commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the Captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the Line, as our Captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, we hawled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore-down-hall; but the sail was split, and we hawled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We

hawled off upon the laniard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.*

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west south-west, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our Captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat,

* This description was intended as a parody of the exaggerated use of nautical terms indulged in by writers of travels. Time should not be spent in trying to understand it in detail.

with vessels for water if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to hollow after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty foot high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty foot. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty foot high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the upper-

most. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six foot high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet: but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome with grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and

wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an Imperial Fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

A LADY'S LETTER

Samuel Richardson (1689–1761)

[Richardson was a London printer who was clever enough to see that women were greater readers of novels than men, and set to work to write stories for them. He chose the epistolary style, making the characters reveal themselves and the plot of the story unfold in a series of letters. It was a difficult task, but the master-printer

accomplished it to his great advantage, and scarcely knew or cared that he was "blazing a trail," in what is now the most popular branch of literature, namely, fiction.]

The letter is written by Miss Howe to Clarissa Harlowe, who was designed by her family to become the wife of Mr. Solmes in order to put a stop to the attentions of the gay Lovelace, with whom, however, she finally elopes.

My cousin, Jenny Fynnet, is here; she is all prate, you know, and loves to set *me* a prating; yet comes upon a very grave occasion—to procure my mother to go to her grandmother Larkin, who is bed-ridden; and has taken it into her head that she is mortal and should make her will, but on condition that my mother who is her relation will go and advise as to the particulars of it, for she has a high opinion of my mother's judgment in all notable affairs.

Mrs. Larkin lives seventeen miles off, and as my mother cannot endure to lie out of her own house she proposes to set out in the morning, and get back at night. So to-morrow I shall be at your service; nor will I be at home to anybody.

As to the impertinent Hickman, I have put him upon escorting the two ladies, in order to attend my mother home at night. Such expeditions as these, and to give us women a little air at public places, is all I know these dangling fellows are good for.

Here I was interrupted on the honest man's account. He has been here these two hours, and was now going. His horses at the door. My mother sent for me down, pretending to want to say something to me.

Something she said when I came that signified nothing—evidently for no reason called me—but she wished to give me an opportunity to see what a fine bow her man could make. She knows I am not over-ready to oblige him with my company, if I happen to

be otherwise engaged. I could not help showing a fretful air when I saw her intention.

She smiled off the visible fretfulness, that the man might go away in good humour with himself.

He bowed to the ground, and would have taken my hand, his whip in the other, but I would not have it, and withdrew my hand.

"A mad girl," said my mother.

He was quite put out, took his horse's bridle, bowing back till he ran against his servant. He mounted his horse—I mounted up-stairs, after a lecture.

Hickman is a sort of fiddling, busy, yet, to borrow a word from you, *unbusy* man, has a great deal to do, and seems to me to dispatch nothing. Irresolute and changeable in everything but in teazing me.

The man however is honest, has a good estate, and may one day be a baronet, an't so please you. He is humane, benevolent, and, people say, generous. I cannot but confess that now I like anybody better, whatever I did once.

He is no fox-hunter. He keeps a pack, indeed, but prefers not his hounds to his fellow-creatures. No bad sign for a wife, I own. He loves his horse, but dislikes racing in a gaming way, as well as all sorts of gaming. Then he is sober, modest, they *say* virtuous—in short, has qualities that mothers would be fond of in a husband for their daughters, and for which perhaps their daughters would be the happier could they judge for themselves.

Strange that these sober fellows cannot have a decent sprightliness, a modest assurance with them. Something debonnaire, which need not be separated from their awe and reverence, when they address a woman. You and I have often retrospected the faces and minds of grown people, that is, have formed images, from their present appearances, as far as they would justify us, what sort of figures they made when boys and girls. And I'll tell you the lights in which

Hickman, Solmes, and Lovelace, our three heroes, have appeared to me, supposing them boys at school.

Solmes I have imagined to be a little sordid rogue, who would purloin and beg every boy's bread and butter from him.

Hickman, an overgrown, lank-haired, chubby boy, who would be punched by everybody, and go home and tell his mother.

Lovelace, a curl-pated villain, full of fire, fancy, and mischief; an orchard robber, a wall climber, a horse rider without saddle or bridle—neck or nothing. A sturdy rogue, who would kick and cuff, and do no right, and take no wrong to anybody, would get his head broke, then a plaster for it, while he went on to do more mischief. And the same dispositions have grown up with them, and distinguished them as *men*.

PARSON ADAMS AND THE GHOSTS

Henry Fielding (1707–54)

[Richardson wrote to please the young ladies of his period, but Henry Fielding wrote *Tom Jones, Amelia*, and *Joseph Andrews* to please the men, though it is probable that each achieved the object of the other. He had a great fund of humour, partly expressed in rough joking, partly in a tenderness akin to that of Steel and Addison when they depicted Sir Roger de Coverley, who was in many ways akin to Parson Adams, who appears in the following extract from *Joseph Andrews*. Fielding's *Jonathan Wild* tells of the life and death of a highwayman in a way which avoids all sentimentality and false admiration for such gentry.]

A night scene, wherein several wonderful adventures befel Adams and his fellow-travellers

It was so late when our travellers left the inn or alehouse (for it might be called either), that they had not

travelled many miles before night overtook them, or met them, which you please. The reader must excuse me if I am not particular as to the way they took; for, as we are now drawing near the seat of the Boobies, and as that is a ticklish name, which malicious persons may apply, according to their evil inclinations, to several worthy country squires, a race of men whom we look upon as entirely inoffensive, and for whom we have an adequate regard, we shall lend no assistance to any such malicious purposes.

Darkness had now overspread the hemisphere, when Fanny whispered Joseph "that she begged to rest herself a little; for that she was so tired she could walk no farther." Joseph immediately prevailed with parson Adams, who was as brisk as a bee, to stop. He had no sooner seated himself than he lamented the loss of his dear Æschylus; but was a little comforted when reminded that, if he had it in his possession, he could not see to read.

The sky was so clouded, that not a star appeared. It was indeed, according to Milton, darkness visible. This was a circumstance, however, very favourable to Joseph; for Fanny, not suspicious of being overseen by Adams, gave a loose to her passion which she had never done before, and, reclining her head on his bosom, threw her arm carelessly round him, and suffered him to lay his cheek close to hers. All this infused such happiness into Joseph, that he would not have changed his turf for the finest down in the finest palace in the universe.

Adams sat at some distance from the lovers, and, being unwilling to disturb them, applied himself to meditation; in which he had not spent much time before he discovered a light at some distance that seemed approaching towards him. He immediately hailed it; but, to his sorrow and surprise, it stopped for a moment, and then disappeared. He then called to Joseph, asking him, "if he had not seen the light?"

Joseph answered, "he had."—"And did you not mark how it vanished?" returned he: "though I am not afraid of ghosts, I do not absolutely disbelieve them."

He then entered into a meditation on those unsubstantial beings; which was soon interrupted by several voices, which he thought almost at his elbow, though in fact they were not so extremely near. However, he could distinctly hear them agree on the murder of any one they met; and a little after heard one of them say, "he had killed a dozen since that day fortnight."

Adams now fell on his knees, and committed himself to the care of Providence; and poor Fanny, who likewise heard those terrible words, embraced Joseph so closely, that had not he, whose ears were also open, been apprehensive on her account, he would have thought no danger which threatened only himself too dear a price for such embraces.

Joseph now drew forth his penknife, and Adams, having finished his ejaculations, grasped his crab-stick, his only weapon, and, coming up to Joseph, would have had him quit Fanny, and place her in the rear; but his advice was fruitless; she clung closer to him, not at all regarding the presence of Adams, and in a soothing voice declared, "she would die in his arms." Joseph, clasping her with inexpressible eagerness, whispered her, "that he preferred death in hers to life out of them." Adams, brandishing his crab-stick, said, "he despised death as much as any man," and then repeated aloud—

> "Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et illum,
> Qui vita bene credat emi quo tendis, honorem."

Upon this the voices ceased for a moment, and then one of them called out, "D—— you, who is there?" To which Adams was prudent enough to make no reply; and of a sudden he observed half-a-dozen lights, which seemed to rise all at once from the ground and advance briskly towards him. This he immediately

concluded to be an apparition ; and now, beginning to conceive that the voices were of the same kind, he called out, " In the name of the L—d, what wouldst thou have ? " He had no sooner spoke than he heard one of the voices cry out, " D—— them, here they come ; " and soon after heard several hearty blows, as if a number of men had been engaged at quarterstaff. He was just advancing towards the place of combat, when Joseph, catching him by the skirts, begged him that they might take the opportunity of the dark to convey away Fanny from the danger which threatened her. He presently complied, and, Joseph lifting up Fanny, they all three made the best of their way ; and without looking behind them, or being overtaken, they had travelled full two miles, poor Fanny not once complaining of being tired, when they saw afar off several lights scattered at a small distance from each other, and at the same time found themselves on the descent of a very steep hill. Adams's foot slipping, he instantly disappeared, which greatly frightened both Joseph and Fanny : indeed, if the light had permitted them to see it, they would scarce have refrained laughing to see the parson rolling down the hill ; which he did from top to bottom, without receiving any harm. He then hollowed as loud as he could, to inform them of his safety, and relieve them from the fears which they had conceived for him. Joseph and Fanny halted some time, considering what to do ; at last they advanced a few paces, where the declivity seemed least steep ; and then Joseph, taking his Fanny in his arms, walked firmly down the hill, without making a false step, and at length landed her at the bottom, where Adams soon came to them.

Learn hence, my fair countrywomen, to consider your own weakness, and the many occasions on which the strength of a man may be useful to you ; and, duly weighing this, take care that you match not yourselves with the spindle-shanked beaus and *petit-maîtres* of the

age, who, instead of being able, like Joseph Andrews, to carry you in lusty arms through the rugged ways and downhill steeps of life, will rather want to support their feeble limbs with your strength and assistance.

Our travellers now moved forwards where the nearest light presented itself; and, having crossed a common field, they came to a meadow, where they seemed to be at a very little distance from the light, when, to their grief, they arrived at the banks of a river. Adams here made a full stop, and declared he could swim, but doubted how it was possible to get Fanny over: to which Joseph answered, "If they walked along its banks, they might be certain of soon finding a bridge, especially as by the number of lights they might be assured a parish was near." "Odso, that's true indeed," said Adams; "I did not think of that."

Accordingly, Joseph's advice being taken, they passed over two meadows, and came to a little orchard, which led them to a house. Fanny begged of Joseph to knock at the door, assuring him "she was so weary that she could hardly stand on her feet." Adams, who was foremost, performed this ceremony; and, the door being immediately opened, a plain kind of man appeared at it: Adams acquainted him "that they had a young woman with them who was so tired with her journey that he should be much obliged to him if he would suffer her to come in and rest herself." The man, who saw Fanny by the light of the candle which he held in his hand, perceiving her innocent and modest look, and having no apprehensions from the civil behaviour of Adams, presently answered, "That the young woman was very welcome to rest herself in his house, and so were her company." He then ushered them into a very decent room, where his wife was sitting at a table: she immediately rose up, and assisted them in setting forth chairs, and desired them to sit down; which they had no sooner done than the man of

the house asked them if they would have anything to refresh themselves with? Adams thanked him, and answered he should be obliged to him for a cup of his ale, which was likewise chosen by Joseph and Fanny. Whilst he was gone to fill a very large jug with this liquor, his wife told Fanny she seemed greatly fatigued, and desired her to take something stronger than ale; but she refused with many thanks, saying it was true she was very much tired, but a little rest she hoped would restore her. As soon as the company were all seated, Mr. Adams, who had filled himself with ale, and by public permission had lighted his pipe, turned to the master of the house, asking him, "If evil spirits did not use to walk in that neighbourhood?" To which receiving no answer, he began to inform him of the adventure which they met with on the downs; nor had he proceeded far in the story when somebody knocked very hard at the door. The company expressed some amazement, and Fanny and the good woman turned pale: her husband went forth, and whilst he was absent, which was some time, they all remained silent, looking at one another, and heard several voices discoursing pretty loudly. Adams was fully persuaded that spirits were abroad, and began to meditate some exorcisms; Joseph a little inclined to the same opinion; Fanny was more afraid of men; and the good woman herself began to suspect her guests, and imagined those without were rogues belonging to their gang. At length the master of the house returned, and, laughing, told Adams he had discovered his apparition; that the murderers were sheep-stealers, and the twelve persons murdered were no other than twelve sheep; adding, that the shepherds had got the better of them, had secured two, and were proceeding with them to a justice of peace. This account greatly relieved the fears of the whole company; but Adams muttered to himself, "He was convinced of the truth of apparitions for all that."

COMMODORE TRUNNION'S WEDDING

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721–71)

[Smollett was a Scotsman, and became a surgeon in the Navy under Admiral Vernon. His experiences in the West Indies provided him with material for his novel *Roderick Random*. His best characters are seamen, and the best drawn of all is Commodore Trunnion, who appears in *Peregrine Pickle*. Smollett was bitter and cynical, and most of his characters are brilliant grotesques, which pleased Charles Dickens of a later day and probably influenced his own character drawing. Smollett's most genial story is *Humphrey Clinker*.]

The retired bachelor Commodore Trunnion was neighbour to the father of Peregrine Pickle, the hero of this story, and became engaged to his aunt Mrs. Grizzle, who was past her first youth, had a fortune of £5,000 and "a large stock of economy and devotion."

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the country ; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The Commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew ; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several

pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the Commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course ; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other, like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the Commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay ; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, " Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed ? go back and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel ; and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." " Lord, sir ! " said the valet, " what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner ? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour."—" What ! right in the wind's eye ? " answered the commander ; " ahey ! brother, where did you learn your navigation ? Hawser Trunnion is not to be

taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion: Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the Commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this:

The Commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the Lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chace, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-

leaped hedges and ditches, and every thing in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders.

The Lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!"

The Commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance, as he passed, replied with a faultering voice, "O d—— ye! you are safe at an anchor; I wish I were as fast moored." Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until providence should interpose on his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end.

But, alas! he reckoned without his host: Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest, that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eye-sight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst

of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The Commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on in honour of his nuptials his best coat of blue broad cloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie-periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole.

Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chace, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage.

This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hollowing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chace that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the Lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of this first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropt among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat coniac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the

attention of the whole crowd. While some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant*; and at length, one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked if he had not dropped his companion by the way.—"Why, look ye, brother," replied the Commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten a.m., with fair weather, and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceedingly good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie-periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and, at last, thank God! I am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such a hare'um scare'um blood again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion!"

One of the company, struck with this name, which he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return? "As for that matter," replied Mr. Trunnion, "I am resolved to hire a sledge or

waggon, or such a thing as a jack-ass; for I'll be d—— if ever I cross the back of a horse again."—"And what do you propose to do with these creatures?" said the other, pointing to the hunters, "they seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped."

'D—— them," cried the Commodore, "I wish both their necks were broke, tho' the two cost me forty good yellowboys."—"Forty guineas!" exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack, "Lord! Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough; mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers; then he's fired in the further fetlock." In short, this connoisseur in horse-flesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying he would convert them into beasts of burden. The owner, who, after what had happened, was very well disposed to listen to anything that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his purchase; in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig. With regard to his

marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher; and the exercise he had undergone having quickened his appetite, sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Lieutenant Hatchway made shift to hobble to the church, where he informed the company of what had happened to the Commodore; and the bride behaved with great decency on the occasion; for, as soon as she understood the danger to which her future husband was exposed, she fainted in the arms of her sister-in-law, to the surprise of all the spectators, who could not comprehend the cause of her disorder; and when she was recovered by the application of smelling-bottles, earnestly begged that Mr. Hatchway and Tom Pipes would take her brother's coach, and go in quest of their commander.

This task they readily undertook, being escorted by all the rest of his adherents on horseback; while the bride and her friends were invited to the parson's house, and the ceremony deferred till another occasion.

The Lieutenant, steering his course as near the line of direction in which Trunnion went off, as the coach-road would permit, got intelligence of his track from one farm-house to another; for such an apparition could not fail of attracting particular notice; and one of the horse-men having picked up his hat and wig in a bye-path, the whole troop entered the village where he was lodged, about four o'clock in the afternoon. When they understood he was safely housed at the "George," they rode up to the door in a body, and expressed their satisfaction in three cheers; which were returned by the company within, as soon as they were instructed in the nature of the salute by Trunnion, who by this time had entered into all the jollity of his new friends, and was indeed more than half seas over.

The Lieutenant was introduced to all present as his sworn brother, and had something tossed up for his dinner. Tom Pipes and the crew were regaled in another room ; and a fresh pair of horses being put to the coach, about six in the evening the Commodore, with all his attendants, departed for the garrison, after having shook hands with every individual in the house.

Without any farther accident he was conveyed in safety to his own gate before nine, and committed to the care of Pipes, who carried him instantly to his hammock, while the Lieutenant was driven away to the place where the bride and her friends remained in great anxiety, which vanished when he assured them that his Commodore was safe, being succeeded by abundance of mirth and pleasantry at the account he gave of Trunnion's adventure.

Another day was fixed for the nuptials ; and in order to baulk the curiosity of idle people, which had given great offence, the parson was prevailed upon to perform the ceremony in the garrison, which all that day was adorned with flags and pendants displayed, and at night illuminated by the direction of Hatchway, who also ordered the pateraroes to be fired as soon as the marriage knot was tied. Neither were the other parts of the entertainment neglected by this ingenious contriver, who produced undeniable proofs of his elegance and art in the wedding supper, which had been committed to his management and direction. This genial banquet was entirely composed of sea-dishes ; a huge pillaw, consisting of a large piece of beef sliced, a couple of fowls, and half a peck of rice, smoked in the middle of the board ; a dish of hard fish, swimming in oil, appeared at each end, the sides being furnished with a mess of that savoury composition known by the name of lob's course, and a plate of salmagundy. The second course displayed a goose of a monstrous magnitude, flanked with two Guinea-

hens, a pig barbecu'd, an hock of salt pork in the midst of a pease pudding, a leg of mutton roasted, with potatoes, and another boiled with yams. The third service was made up of a loin of fresh pork with apple sauce, a kid smothered with onions, and a terrapin baked in a shell; and last of all, a prodigious sea pye was presented, with an infinite volume of pancakes and fritters. That everything might be answerable to the magnificence of this delicate feast, he had provided vast quantities of strong beer, flip, rumbo, and burnt brandy, with plenty of Barbadoes water for the ladies; and hired all the fiddles within six miles, who, with the addition of a drum, bag-pipe, and Welch-harp, regaled the guests with a most melodious concert.

UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN

LAURENCE STERNE (1713–68)

[Sterne was an Irishman who held several livings in Yorkshire and who wrote a novel entitled *Tristram Shandy*, in which appears the "exquisite visionary" Uncle Toby and his devoted henchman Corporal Trim. The book is a whimsical masterpiece of a writer who laughs slyly at life and plays all kinds of jokes on his readers. Sterne also wrote *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, a new form of expression in English literature full of vaguely sketched incidents and continual moralizing.]

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew of these amours of widow *Wadman* and my uncle *Toby*, had, from the first creation of matter and motion (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind), established such a chain of causes and effects hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my uncle *Toby* to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in

Christendom, but the very house and garden which joined and laid parallel to Mrs. *Wadman's*; this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. *Wadman's* garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my uncle *Toby's*, put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my uncle *Toby's* motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of *Bridget*, to make her a wicker-gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and sometimes out of gratitude, to make an attack, and endeavour to blow my uncle *Toby* up in the very sentry-box itself.

. . . . . .

——I am half distracted, captain *Shandy*, said Mrs. *Wadman*, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle *Toby's* sentry-box——a mote——or sand——or something ——I know not what, has got into this eye of mine ——do look into it—it is not in the white—

In saying which, Mrs. *Wadman* edged herself close in beside my uncle *Toby*, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up——Do look into it —said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child look'd into a raree-shew-box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

——If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature——I've nothing to say to it——

My uncle *Toby* never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from *June* to *January* (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months), with an eye as fine as the *Thracian Rodope's* beside him, without being able to tell, whether it was a black or blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle *Toby* to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And——

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever *Galileo* look'd for a spot in the sun.

——In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ——Widow *Wadman's* left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right——there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine——

——If thou lookest, uncle *Toby*, in search of this mote one moment longer——thou art undone.

A LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

Samuel Johnson (1709–84)

[Johnson was a native of Lichfield, went to Pembroke College, Oxford, set up a private school, and then went to London to make his living as a man of letters. His *English Dictionary* brought him a great reputation. In 1750 he started the *Rambler* and afterwards the *Idler* somewhat on the model of the *Spectator*. His story *Rasselas* is a kind of allegory on human life, satirical in a gentle way and a new thing in narrative prose, whose quality can be judged from the second of the following extracts.]

"My Lord,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour,

which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favour of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

THE HAPPY VALLEY

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709–84)

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long

been disputed, whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountains on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplies its inhabitants with the necessaries of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion

pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers shewed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures: they then closed up the opening with marble, which was

never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skilful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practised to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them, told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man.

To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were daily entertained with songs, the subject of which was the *happy valley*. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment was the business of every hour from the dawn of morning to the close of even.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom fate had excluded from this seat of tranquillity, as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who in the twenty-sixth year of his age began to withdraw himself from their pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of

the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change and endeavoured to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivulets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the stream, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes.

This singularity of his humour made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporeal necessities with myself: he is hungry and crops the grass, he is thirsty and drinks the stream, his thirst and hunger are appeased, he is satisfied and sleeps; he arises again and is hungry, he is again fed and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty like him, but when thirst and hunger cease I am not at rest; I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fulness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken my attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutanist and the singer, but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can

discover within me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity; for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which ye are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils anticipated; surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacence in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life, from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

THE GOTHS IN ROME

Edward Gibbon (1737–94)

[This author wrote *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, one of the world's greatest histories. He had a great subject and he treated it in a great way, preserving what has been called "the dignity of history" at its highest. His survey extended from the time of the

Emperor Trajan (A.D. 98–117) to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453.]

THE death of Stilicho was followed by the siege of Rome by the Goths. The folly and weakness of the ministers of Honorius gave the Gothic king a fair and reasonable pretext for renewing the war; while their cruelty handed over to Alaric the only army that was able to resist the Goths.

The foreign auxiliaries who had been attached to the person of Stilicho lamented his death; but the desire of revenge was checked by a natural apprehension for the safety of their wives and children, who were detained as hostages in the strong cities of Italy, where they had likewise deposited their most valuable effects. At the same hour, and as if by a common signal, the cities of Italy were polluted by the same horrid scenes of universal massacre and pillage, which involved in promiscuous destruction the families and fortunes of the barbarians. Exasperated by such an injury, which might have awakened the tamest and most servile spirit, they cast a look of indignation and hope towards the camp of Alaric, and unanimously swore to pursue with just and implacable war the perfidious nation that had so basely violated the laws of hospitality.

The pressing invitation of the malcontents, who urged the King of the Goths to invade Italy, was enforced by a lively sense of his personal injuries; and he might speciously complain that the Imperial ministers still delayed and eluded the payment of the four thousand pounds of gold which had been granted by the Roman senate either to reward his services or to appease his fury. His decent firmness was supported by an artful moderation, which contributed to the success of his designs. He required a fair and reasonable

Stilicho, The great general who was put to death under the Emperor Honorius in A.D. 408.
Alaric, The King of the Goths.

satisfaction; but he gave the strongest assurances that, as soon as he had obtained it, he would immediately retire. He refused to trust the faith of the Romans, unless Aëtius and Jason, the sons of two great officers of state, were sent as hostages to his camp; but he offered to deliver in exchange several of the noblest youths of the Gothic nation. The modesty of Alaric was interpreted by the ministers of Ravenna as a sure evidence of his weakness and fear. They disdained either to negotiate a treaty or to assemble an army; and with a rash confidence, derived only from their ignorance of the extreme danger, irretrievably wasted the decisive moments of peace and war. While they expected, in sullen silence, that the barbarians should evacuate the confines of Italy, Alaric, with bold and rapid marches, passed the Alps and the Po. . . .

By a skilful disposition of his numerous forces, who impatiently watched the moment of an assault, Alaric encompassed the walls, commanded the twelve principal gates, intercepted all communication with the adjacent country, and vigilantly guarded the navigation of the Tiber, from which the Romans derived the surest and most plentiful supply of provisions. . . . The unfortunate city gradually experienced the distress of scarcity, and at length the horrid calamities of famine. The daily allowance of three pounds of bread was reduced to one-half, to one-third, to nothing; and the price of corn still continued to rise in a rapid and extravagant proportion. . . . The food the most repugnant to sense or imagination was eagerly devoured, and fiercely disputed, by the rage of hunger. Many thousands of the inhabitants of Rome expired in their houses, or in the streets, for want of sustenance; and as the public sepulchres without the walls were in the power of the enemy, the stench which arose from so many putrid and unburied carcases infected the air;

Ravenna, The headquarters of the Emperor Honorius.

and the miseries of famine were succeeded and aggravated by the contagion of a pestilential disease.

The last resource of the Romans was in the clemency, or at least in the moderation, of the King of the Goths. The senate, who in this emergency assumed the supreme powers of government, appointed two ambassadors to negotiate with the enemy. When they were introduced into the presence [of the Gothic King,] they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the barbarian; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the State or of individuals; *all* the rich and precious movables; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *barbarians*. The ministers of the senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, "If such, O King! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" "Your lives," replied the haughty conqueror; they trembled and retired. Yet before they retired, a short suspension of arms was granted, which allowed some time for a more temperate negotiation. The stern features of Alaric were insensibly relaxed; he abated much of the rigour of his terms; and at length consented to raise the siege, on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds of gold, of thirty thousand pounds of silver, of four

thousand robes of silk, of three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and of three thousand pounds' weight of pepper. But the public treasury was exhausted; the annual rents of the great estates in Italy and the provinces were intercepted by the calamities of war; the gold and the gems had been exchanged, during the famine, for the vilest sustenance; the hoards of secret wealth were still concealed by the obstinacy of avarice; and some of the remains of consecrated spoils afforded the only resource that could avert the impending ruin of the city. As soon as the Romans had satisfied the rapacious demands of Alaric they were restored, in some measure, to the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

. . . . . .

The crime and folly of the court of Ravenna was expiated a third time by the calamities of Rome. The King of the Goths, who no longer dissembled his appetite for plunder and revenge, appeared in arms under the walls of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hopes of relief, prepared by a desperate resistance to delay the ruin of their country. But they were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics, who either from birth or interest were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome, the Imperial city, which had subdued and civilized so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia (August 24, A.D. 410).

The proclamation of Alaric, when he forced his entrance into a vanquished city, discovered, however, some regard for the laws of humanity and religion. He encouraged his troops boldly to seize the rewards of valour, and to enrich themselves with the spoils of a wealthy and effeminate people; but he exhorted

them at the same time to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul as holy and inviolable sanctuaries.

In the sack of Rome some rare and extraordinary examples of barbaric virtue have been deservedly applauded. But the holy precincts of the Vatican and the apostolic churches could receive a very small portion of the Roman people: many thousand warriors, more especially of the Huns who served under the standard of Alaric, were strangers to the name, or at least the faith, of Christ, and we may suspect, without any breach of charity or candour, that in the hour of savage licence, when every passion was inflamed and every restraint was removed, the precepts of the Gospel seldom influenced the behaviour of the Gothic Christians. The writers the best disposed to exaggerate their clemency have freely confessed that a cruel slaughter was made of the Romans, and that the streets of the city were filled with dead bodies, which remained without burial during the general consternation. The despair of the citizens was sometimes converted into fury; and whenever the barbarians were provoked by opposition, they extended the promiscuous massacre to the feeble, the innocent, and the helpless. The private revenge of 40,000 slaves was exercised without pity or remorse; and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of the guilty or obnoxious families.

In the pillage of Rome a just preference was given to gold and jewels, which contain the greatest value in the smallest compass and weight; but, after these portable riches had been removed by the more diligent robbers, the palaces of Rome were rudely stripped of their splendid and costly furniture. The sideboards of massy plate, and the variegated wardrobes of silk and purple, were irregularly piled in the waggons that

always followed the march of a Gothic army. The most exquisite works of art were roughly handled or wantonly destroyed; many a statue was melted for the sake of the precious materials; and many a vase, in the division of the spoil, was shivered into fragments by the stroke of a battle-axe.

The edifices of Rome, though the damage has been much exaggerated, received some injury from the violence of the Goths. At their entrance through the Salarian gate they fired the adjacent houses to guide their march and to distract the attention of the citizens; the flames, which encountered no obstacle in the disorder of the night, consumed many private and public buildings, and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained in the age of Justinian a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration.

The retreat of the victorious Goths, who evacuated Rome on the sixth day, might be the result of prudence, but it was not surely the effect of fear. At the head of an army encumbered with rich and weighty spoils, their intrepid leader advanced along the Appian Way into the southern provinces of Italy, destroying whatever dared to oppose his passage, and contenting himself with the plunder of the unresisting country.

Above four years elapsed from the successful invasion of Italy by the arms of Alaric, to the voluntary retreat of the Goths under the conduct of his successor Adolphus (A.D. 408–412); and, during the whole time, they reigned without control over a country which, in the opinion of the ancients, had united all the various excellences of nature and art.

The prosperity, indeed, which Italy had attained in the auspicious age of the Antonines, had gradually declined with the rule of Empire. The fruits of a long peace perished under the rude grasp of the barbarians; and they themselves were incapable of tasting the more elegant refinements of luxury which had been prepared for the use of the soft and polished

Italians. Each soldier claimed an ample portion of the substantial plenty, the corn and cattle, oil and wine, that was daily collected and consumed in the Gothic camp; and the principal warriors insulted the villas and gardens, once inhabited by Lucullus and Cicero, along the beauteous coast of Campania. Their trembling captives, the sons and daughters of Roman senators, presented, in goblets of gold and gems, large draughts of Falernian wine to the haughty victors, who stretched their huge limbs under the shade of pine-trees, artificially disposed to exclude the scorching rays, and to admit the genial warmth, of the sun. These delights were enhanced by the memory of past hardships; the comparison of their native soil, the bleak and barren hills of Scythia, and the frozen banks of the Elbe and Danube, added new charms to the felicity of the Italian climate.

THE DISTRESSES OF A COMMON SOLDIER

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–74)

[Oliver Goldsmith was not merely a versatile author of the first rank—poet, novelist, essayist, dramatist—but also a human being with deep sympathy for distress and poverty, which he had experienced in his own varied career. His *Deserted Village* and other poems and his famous story, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, are full of sensibility and tenderness, and his numerous essays are of the same character, many of them also being full of quiet fun.]

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon

to gaze at the noble sufferers: the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity, who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness. Their distresses were pleasures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring.

A Rabutin. Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy (1618–93), commonly known as Bussy, who offended the king, Louis XIV., was imprisoned and only released on condition of retiring to his estates, where he remained in "exile" for nearly twenty years.

They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the work-

house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it. Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me: he called me a poacher and a villain; and collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself: I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died

for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of

Val, Otherwise Lauffeld (1747), in the war of the Austrian Succession. It was here that Marshal Saxe defeated the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Cumberland.

spending my money; but the Government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the door, where both the sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset*

Shammed Abraham, "Feigned sickness or distress" (slang, obsolete). The primary meaning of "abram" or "Abraham man" was "malingerer" or "slacker," from some real or fancied allusion to Lazarus and Abraham's bosom (Luke xvii.).

privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places: I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza!"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

JOHNSON AND HIS FRIENDS

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–95)

[Boswell was not a professional man of letters, but a Scottish laird and lawyer who wrote one of the most

remarkable of the world's great books, a biography of Samuel Johnson, who was his idol and whose doings he describes in minutest detail. It is due to Boswell rather than to his own writings that Johnson is now one of the best known figures in England's literary history.]

§ 1

ON the 9th of April, being Good Friday, I breakfasted with him on tea and cross-buns; *Doctor* Levett, as Frank called him, making the tea. He carried me with him to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat; and his behaviour was, as I had imaged to myself, solemnly devout. I never shall forget the tremulous earnestness with which he pronounced the awful petition in the Litany: "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good LORD deliver us."

We went to church both in the morning and evening. In the interval between the two services we did not dine; but he read in the Greek New Testament, and I turned over several of his books.

§ 2

To my great surprise he asked me to dine with him on Easter-day. I never supposed that he had a dinner at his house; for I had not then heard of any one of his friends having been entertained at his table. He told me, "I generally have a meat-pie on Sunday: it is baked at a public oven, which is very properly allowed, because one man can attend it; and thus the advantage is obtained of not keeping servants from church to dress dinners."

April 11, being Easter Sunday, after having attended Divine Service at St. Paul's, I repaired to Dr. Johnson's. I had gratified my curiosity much in dining with JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, while he lived in the wilds of Neufchatel: I had as great a curiosity to dine with DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in the dusky recess of a

court in Fleet Street. I supposed we should scarcely have knives and forks, and only some strange, uncouth, ill-drest dish; but I found everything in very good order. We had no other company but Mrs. Williams and a young woman whom I did not know. As a dinner here was considered as a singular phenomenon, and as I was frequently interrogated on the subject, my readers may perhaps be desirous to know our bill of fare. Foote, I remember, in allusion to Francis, the *negro*, was willing to suppose that our repast was *black broth*. But the fact was that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding.

§ 3

I again solicited him to communicate to me the particulars of his early life. He said, "You shall have them all for twopence. I hope you shall know a great deal more of me before you write my Life. He mentioned to me this day many circumstances, which I wrote down when I went home, and have interwoven in the former part of this narrative.

On Tuesday, April 13, he and Dr. Goldsmith and I dined at General Oglethorpe's. Goldsmith expatiated on the common topic, that the race of our people was degenerated, and that this was owing to luxury. JOHNSON: "Sir, in the first place, I doubt the fact. I believe there are as many tall men in England now, as ever there were. But, secondly, supposing the stature of our people to be diminished, that is not owing to luxury; for, Sir, consider to how very small a proportion of our people luxury can reach. Our soldiery, surely, are not luxurious, who live on sixpence a day; and the same remark will apply to almost all the other classes. Luxury, so far as it reaches the poor, will do good to the race of people; it will strengthen and multiply them. Sir, no nation

was ever hurt by luxury; for, as I said before, it can reach but to a very few. I admit that the great increase of commerce and manufactures hurts the military spirit of a people; because it produces a competition for something else than martial honours,—a competition for riches. It also hurts the bodies of the people; for you will observe, there is no man who works at any particular trade, but you may know him from his appearance to do so. One part or the other of his body being more used than the rest, he is in some degree deformed: but, Sir, that is not luxury. A tailor sits cross-legged; but that is not luxury." GOLDSMITH: "Come, you're just going to the same place by another road." JOHNSON: "Nay, Sir, I say that is not *luxury*. Let us take a walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel, through, I suppose, the greatest series of shops in the world, what is there in any of these shops (if you except gin-shops) that can do any human being any harm?" GOLDSMITH: "Well, Sir, I'll accept your challenge. The very next shop to Northumberland House is a pickle-shop." JOHNSON: "Well, Sir: do we not know that a maid can in one afternoon make pickles sufficient to serve a whole family for a year? nay, that five pickle-shops can serve all the kingdom? Besides, Sir, there is no harm done to anybody by the making of pickles, or the eating of pickles."

We drank tea with the ladies; and Goldsmith sung Tony Lumpkin's song in his comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and a very pretty one, to an Irish tune, which he had designed for Miss Hardcastle, but as Mrs. Bulkeley, who played the part, could not sing, it was left out. He afterwards wrote it down for me, by which means it was preserved, and now appears amongst his poems. Dr. Johnson, in his way home, stopped at my lodgings in Piccadilly, and sat with me, drinking tea a second time, till a late hour.

I told him that Mrs. Macaulay said, she wondered

how he could reconcile his political principles with his moral; his notions of inequality and subordination with wishing well to the happiness of all mankind, who might live so agreeably, had they all their portions of land, and none to domineer over another. JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, I reconcile my principles very well, because mankind are happier in a state of inequality and subordination. Were they to be in this pretty state of equality, they would soon degenerate into brutes; —they would become Monboddo's nation;—their tails would grow. Sir, all would be losers, were all to work for all:—they would have no intellectual improvement. All intellectual improvement arises from leisure: all leisure arises from one working for another."

§ 4

On Friday, April 30, I dined with him at Mr. Beauclerk's, where were Lord Charlemont, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and some more members of the LITERARY CLUB, whom he had obligingly invited to meet me, as I was this evening to be balloted for as candidate for admission into that distinguished society. Johnson had done me the honour to propose me, and Beauclerk was very zealous for me.

Goldsmith being mentioned; JOHNSON: "It is amazing how little Goldsmith knows. He seldom comes where he is not more ignorant than any one else." SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: "Yet there is no man whose company is more liked." JOHNSON: "To be sure, Sir. When people find a man of the most distinguished abilities as a writer, their inferior while he is with them, it must be highly gratifying to them. What Goldsmith comically says of himself is very true, —he always gets the better when he argues alone; meaning, that he is master of a subject in his study, and can write well upon it; but when he comes into company, grows confused, and unable to talk. Take

him as a poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; ay, and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether, indeed, we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class."

§ 5

JOHNSON: "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.' (Ovid, *Art. Am.* iii. 339.)

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads * upon it, and slily whispered me,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS.'"

§ 6

I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it. JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance; but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross."

He made the common remark on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease, and that they generally languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. He mentioned as strong an instance of this as can well be imagined. "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave

* Of Jacobites, with whom Johnson is said to have sympathized. Read John Buchan's novel *Midwinter*, which is No. 30 of this Series.

up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, Sir, was a man, to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used, was a relief from idleness."

A LIVELY DIARIST

FRANCES BURNEY (1752–1840)

[Fanny Burney astonished her friends and especially her father by publishing anonymously when she was quite young a novel entitled *Evelina*, a domestic story told mainly in the heroine's letters and linked on the one hand with Richardson's *Clarissa* and on the other with the novels of Jane Austen, which were to follow some twenty years later (see page 146). The authoress was the first English woman novelist of distinction. She married a French nobleman, d'Arblay, spent a great deal of time on the Continent, and kept and published a *Diary* which is in some ways her best work. The following passages are taken from it.]

1. A Meeting with George III.

THE King went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

"Pray, does Miss Burney draw too?"

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

"I believe not, sir!" answered Mrs. Delany; "at least, she does not tell."

"Oh!" he cried, laughing, "that's nothing! She is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know! Her

father told me that himself.* He told me the whole story of her *Evelina*. And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book!—he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment! I can never forget his face while I live!"

Then coming up close to me he said:

"But what?—what?—how was it?"

"Sir," cried I, not well understanding him.

"How came you—how happened it?—what?—what?"

"I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd, idle hours."

"But your publishing—your printing—how was that?"

"That was only, sir, because——"

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions—besides, to say the truth, his own "What? what?" so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes, that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The "What?" was then repeated with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something, I stammeringly answered:

"I thought—sir—it would look very well in print!"

I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made! I am quite provoked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out:

"Very fair indeed! that's being very fair and honest!"

* This is a reference to the anonymous publication of *Evelina*. There is an excellent one-act play on this incident in *The Beau of Bath* in the King's Treasuries Series (Dent and Sons).

2. Napoleon as First Consul

The scene, with regard to all that was present, was splendidly gay and highly animating. The room was full, but not crowded, with officers of rank in sumptuous rather than rich uniforms, and exhibiting a martial air that became their attire, which, however, generally speaking, was too gorgeous to be noble.

Our window was that next to the consular apartments in which Bonaparte was holding a levee, and it was close to the steps ascending to it; by which means we saw all the forms of the various exits and entrances, and had opportunity to examine every dress and every countenance that passed and repassed. This was highly amusing, I might say historic, where the past history and the present office were known.

Sundry footmen of the First Consul, in very fine liveries, were attending to bring or arrange chairs for whoever required them; various peace officers, superbly begilt, paraded occasionally up and down the chamber, to keep the ladies to their windows and the gentlemen to their ranks, so as to preserve the passage or lane, through which the First Consul was to walk upon his entrance, clear and open; and several gentlemen-like looking persons whom in former times I should have supposed pages of the back-stairs, dressed in black, with gold chains hanging round their necks, and medallions pending from them, seemed to have the charge of the door itself leading immediately to the audience chamber of the First Consul.

But what was most prominent in commanding notice was the array of aides-de-camp of Bonaparte, which was so almost furiously striking, that all other vestments, even the most gaudy, appeared suddenly under a gloomy cloud when contrasted with its brightness.

The last object for which the way was cleared was

the Second Consul, Cambacérès, who advanced with a stately and solemn pace, slow, regular, and consequential; dressed richly in scarlet and gold, and never looking to the right or left, but wearing a mien of fixed gravity and importance. He had several persons in his suite, who, I think, but am not sure, were ministers of state.

At length the two human hedges were finally formed, the door of the audience chamber was thrown wide open with a commanding crash, and a vivacious officer —sentinel, or I know not what—nimbly descended the three steps into our apartment, and placing himself at the side of the door, with one hand spread as high as possible above his head, and the other extended horizontally, called out in a loud and authoritative voice, "Le Premier Consul!"

You will easily believe nothing more was necessary to obtain attention; not a soul either spoke or stirred as he and his suite passed along, which was so quickly that, had I not been placed so near the door, and had not all about me facilitated my standing foremost, and being least crowd-obstructed, I could hardly have seen him. As it was I had a view so near, though so brief, of his face as to be very much struck by it. It is of a deeply impressive cast, pale even to sallowness, while not only in the eye, but in every feature, care, thought, melancholy, and meditation are strongly marked, with so much character, nay, genius, and so penetrating a seriousness, or rather sadness, as powerfully to sink into an observer's mind.

The review I shall attempt no description of. I have no knowledge of the subject, and no fondness for its object. It was far more superb than anything I had ever beheld; but while all the pomp and circumstance of war animated others, it only saddened me; and all of past reflection, all of future dread, made the whole grandeur of the martial scene, and all the delusive seduction of martial music, fill my eyes frequently

Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

> ———The crazy old church clock,
> And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Heredotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlick

Empedocles, A Greek scholar who threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius that people might think the gods had taken him to heaven; but one of his iron pattens was cast out with the lava and recognized.

Cleombrotus, A disciple of Plato, who leapt into the sea to hasten the time when he might enjoy the pleasures of the after-life described so eloquently by his master. A *calenture* is a kind of delirium under the influence of which sailors have been known to leap into the sea.

and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams——'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.——

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, threadbare as thy

Mister Adams—Mistress Slipslop, Characters in *Joseph Andrews*, by Henry Fielding. (See page 97.)

Raymund Lully, An alchemist of the thirteenth century, who searched for the philosopher's stone by distillation, and made some useful chemical discoveries. When found, the philosopher's stone was to turn everything it touched to gold.

Duns (*Scotus*), A learned Scotsman of the thirteenth century, who argued with the help of the form in logic known as the syllogism.

Master Stephen, A conceited fool in Ben Jonson's play, *Every Man in his Humour* (1598).

stories :—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate? Thy customers are extinct, defunct bedrid, have ceased to read long ago.—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S——, thy last patron, is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead.—

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels.

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in

King Pandion, A king named in the Ancient Greek legend of Philomela or the nightingale.

Armado and Quisada, The former a pompous character in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the latter a brave knight of Spain from whom Don Quixote claimed descent.

Macheath, The highwayman hero of John Gay's play, *The Beggar's Opera*, who sings the song:

> 'How happy could I be with either
> Were 'tother dear charmer away."

sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at their involved wisdom —I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish—woodcocks, —dotterels,—cod's-heads, &c., the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool.*

TROTTY VECK

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–70)

[This author owed a great deal to Defoe, Fielding, and Smollett in his breeziness, robustness, humour, and fullness of bustling life. His novels are packed full of characters and activity, and he is usually tilting vigorously against some social wrong such as cruelty to children in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the arrogance of officials in *Oliver Twist*, the law's delays in *Bleak House*, but he is at his best when he writes a simple story, as he did in *David Copperfield*. The following passages have been selected to show, among other things, (1) his sympathy with the poor; (2) his dramatic and descriptive power; and (3) his humour.]

THEY were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago these Bells had been baptized by bishops—so many centuries ago, that the register of their baptism was lost long, long before the memory of man; and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy); and had had their silver mugs, no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs; and they now hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless, though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they, to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard, on stormy

nights, by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor'-Wester—ay, "all to fits," as Toby Veck said. For though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else either (except Tobias) without a special Act of Parliament; he having been as lawfully christened in his day as the Bells had been in theirs, though with not quite so much of solemnity or public rejoicing.

For my part, I confess myself of Toby Veck's belief, for I am sure he had opportunities enough of forming a correct one. And whatever Toby Veck said, I say. And I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he *did* stand all day long (and weary work it was) just outside the church door. In fact he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs.

And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was, to wait in, in the winter time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner—especially the east wind—as if it had sallied forth, express, from the confines of the earth, to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected; for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, "Why, here he is!" Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation; and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touzled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other portable creatures sometimes

are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

But windy weather, in spite of its using him so roughly, was, after all, a sort of holiday for Toby. That's the fact. He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind as at other times, for the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was getting hungry and low-spirited. A hard frost, too, or a fall of snow, was an event; and it seemed to do him good, somehow or other—it would have been hard to say in what respect though, Toby! So wind and frost and snow, and perhaps a good stiff storm of hail, were Toby Veck's red-letter days.

Wet weather was the worst—the cold, damp, clammy wet, that wrapped him up like a moist great-coat: the only kind of greatcoat Toby owned, or could have added to his comfort by dispensing with. Wet days, when the rain came slowly, thickly, obstinately down; when the street's throat, like his own, was choked with mist; when smoking umbrellas passed and repassed, spinning round and round like so many teetotums, as they knocked against each other on the crowded footway, throwing off a little whirlpool of uncomfortable sprinklings; when gutters brawled and waterspouts were full and noisy; when the wet from the projecting stones and ledges of the church fell drip, drip, drip on Toby, making the wisp of straw on which he stood mere mud in no time—those were the days that tried him. Then, indeed, you might see Toby looking anxiously out from his shelter in an angle of the church wall—such a meagre shelter, that in summer time it never cast a shadow thicker than a good-sized walking-stick upon the sunny pavement—with a disconsolate and lengthened face. But coming out, a minute afterwards, to warm himself by exercise, and trotting up and down some dozen times, he would

brighten even then, and go back more brightly to his niche.

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed if it didn't make it. He could have walked faster perhaps—most likely—but rob him of his trot, and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble. He could have walked with infinitely greater ease; but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteenpenny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him to get out of the way, devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted. Making, with his leaky shoes, a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire, and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other, poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room or tap for the rest of the fingers, Toby, with his knees bent and his cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the Chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

He made this last excursion several times a day, for they were company to him; and when he heard their voices, he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place, and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them. Perhaps he was the more

curious about these Bells, because there were points of resemblance between themselves and him. They hung there in all weathers, with the wind and rain driving in upon them, facing only the outsides of all those houses; never getting any nearer to the blazing fires that gleamed and shone upon the windows, or came puffing out of the chimney tops; and incapable of participation in any of the good things that were constantly being handed, through the street doors and the area railings, to prodigious cooks. Faces came and went at many windows—sometimes pretty faces, youthful faces, pleasant faces; sometimes the reverse—but Toby knew no more (though he often speculated on these trifles, standing idle in the streets) whence they came, or where they went, or whether, when the lips moved, one kind word was said of him in all the year, than did the Chimes themselves.

THE END OF SYDNEY CARTON

CHARLES DICKENS

[This extract is taken from the end of *A Tale of Two Cities*, and is an example of the style which critics have called "melodramatic."]

SIX tumbrils roll along the streets. Change these back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feudal nobles, the toilettes of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not my father's house but dens of thieves, the huts of millions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the appointed order of the Creator, never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," say the seers to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories,

"then remain so! But, if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorized exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature, of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror, that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals by look or gesture to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading

curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honore, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the

foremost chairs, stands The Vengeance, looking about for her friend.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting-woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now," cried The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse."

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to seek her, lingering somewhere; and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair, "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be despatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so

composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate—for I cannot write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think:" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips

part a little more and tremble : " that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered ? "

" It cannot be, my child ; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

" You comfort me so much ! I am so ignorant. Am I to kiss you now ? Is the moment come ? "

" Yes."

She kisses his lips ; he kisses hers ; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it ; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone ; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

" I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord : he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these :—

" I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and

a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honoured and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom, and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honoured men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then fair to look upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

MR. MICAWBER

CHARLES DICKENS

"THIS is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger."

"My address," said Mr. Micawber, "is Windsor Terrace, City Road. I—in short," said Mr. Micawber, with the same genteel air, and in another burst of confidence—"I live there."

I made him a bow.

"Under the impression," said Mr. Micawber, "that your peregrinations in this metropolis have not as yet been extensive, and that you might have some difficulty in penetrating the arcana of the Modern Babylon in the direction of the City Road—in short," said Mr. Micawber, in another burst of confidence, "that you might lose yourself—I shall be happy to call this evening, and install you in the knowledge of the nearest way."

I thanked him with all my heart, for it was friendly in him to offer to take that trouble.

"At what hour," said Mr. Micawber, "shall I——"

"At about eight," said Mr. Quinion.

"At about eight," said Mr. Micawber. "I beg to wish you good-day, Mr. Quinion; I will intrude no longer."

So he put on his hat, and went out with his cane under his arm—very upright, and humming a tune when he was clear of the counting-house.

Mr. Quinion then formally engaged me to be as

useful as I could in the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first and seven afterwards. He paid me a week down (from his own pocket, I believe); and I gave Mealy sixpence out of it to get my trunk carried to Windsor Terrace at night—it being too heavy for my strength, small as it was. I paid sixpence more for my dinner, which was a meat pie and a turn at a neighbouring pump; and passed the hour which was allowed for that meal in walking about the streets.

At the appointed time in the evening, Mr. Micawber reappeared. I washed my hands and face, to do the greater honour to his gentility, and we walked to our house, as I suppose I must now call it, together; Mr. Micawber impressing the names of streets and the shapes of corner-houses upon me, as we went along, that I might find my way back, easily, in the morning.

Arrived at his house in Windsor Terrace (which I noticed was shabby like himself, but also, like himself, made all the show it could), he presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young, who was sitting in the parlour (the first floor was altogether unfurnished, and the blinds were kept down to delude the neighbours), with a baby in her arms. This baby was one of twins.

There were two other children—Master Micawber, aged about four, and Miss Micawber, aged about three. These, and a dark-complexioned young woman, with a habit of snorting (who was servant to the family, and informed me, before half an hour had expired, that she was "a orfling," and came from St. Luke's Workhouse, in the neighbourhood), completed the establishment. My room was at the top of the house, at the back: a close chamber, stencilled all over with an ornament which my young imagination represented as a blue muffin, and very scantily furnished.

" I never thought," said Mrs. Micawber, when she came up, twin and all, to show me the apartment, and sat down to take breath, " before I was married, when I lived with papa and mamma, that I should ever find it necessary to take a lodger. But Mr. Micawber being in difficulties, all considerations of private feeling must give way."

I said, " Yes, ma'am."

" Mr. Micawber's difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present," said Mrs. Micawber; " and whether it is possible to bring him through them, I don't know. When I lived at home with papa and mamma, I really should have hardly understood what the word meant, in the sense in which I now employ it; but experientia does it, as papa used to say."

I cannot satisfy myself whether she told me that Mr. Micawber had been an officer in the Marines, or whether I have imagined it. I only know that I believe to this hour that he *was* in the Marines once upon a time, without knowing why. He was a sort of town traveller for a number of miscellaneous houses now, but made little or nothing of it, I am afraid.

" If Mr. Micawber's creditors *will not* give him time," said Mrs. Micawber, " they must take the consequences; and the sooner they bring it to an issue the better. Blood cannot be obtained from a stone; neither can anything on account be obtained at present (not to mention law expenses) from Mr. Micawber."

I never can quite understand whether my precocious self-dependence confused Mrs. Micawber in reference to my age, or whether she was so full of the subject that she would have talked about it to the very twins if there had been nobody else to communicate with; but this was the strain in which she began, and she went on accordingly all the time I knew her.

Poor Mrs. Micawber! She said she had tried to exert herself; and so, I have no doubt, she had. The centre of the street door was perfectly covered with a

great brass-plate, on which was engraved, "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies;" but I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there, or that any young lady ever came or proposed to come, or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady. The only visitors I ever saw or heard of were creditors. *They* used to come at all hours, and some of them were quite ferocious. One dirty-faced man (I think he was a bootmaker) used to edge himself into the passage as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and call up the stairs to Mr. Micawber: "Come! you ain't out yet, you know. Pay us, will you? Don't hide, you know; that's mean. I wouldn't be mean, if I was you. Pay us, will you? You just pay us, d'ye hear? Come!" Receiving no answer to these taunts, he would mount in his wrath to the words "swindlers" and "robbers"; and these being ineffectual too, would sometimes go to the extremity of crossing the street, and roaring up at the windows of the second floor, where he knew Mr. Micawber was. At these times, Mr. Micawber would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor; but within half an hour afterwards he would polish up his shoes with extraordinary pains, and go out, humming a tune with a greater air of gentility than ever. Mrs. Micawber was quite as elastic. I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb-chops breaded, and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's), at four. On one occasion, when an execution had just been put in, coming home through some chance as early as six o'clock, I saw her lying (of course, with a twin) under the grate in a swoon, with her hair all torn about her face; but I never knew her more cheerful than she was, that very same night, over a veal-cutlet before the kitchen fire,

telling me stories about her papa and mamma, and the company they used to keep.

In this house, and with this family, I passed my leisure time. My own exclusive breakfast of a penny loaf and a pennyworth of milk, I provided myself. I kept another small loaf, and a modicum of cheese, on a particular shelf of a particular cupboard, to make my supper on when I came back at night. This made a hole in the six or seven shillings, I know well; and I was out at the warehouse all day, and had to support myself on that money all the week. From Monday morning until Saturday night I had no advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no assistance, no support of any kind, from any one, that I can call to mind, as I hope to go to heaven!

. . . . . .

"May I ask, ma'am, what you and Mr. Micawber intend to do, now that Mr. Micawber is out of difficulties, and at liberty*? Have you settled yet?"

"My family," said Mrs. Micawber, who always said those two words with an air, though I never could discover who came under the denomination—"my family are of opinion that Mr. Micawber should quit London, and exert his talents in the country. Mr. Micawber is a man of great talent, Master Copperfield."

I said I was sure of that.

"Of great talent," repeated Mrs. Micawber. "My family are of opinion that, with a little interest, something might be done for a man of his ability in the Custom House. The influence of my family being local, it is their wish that Mr. Micawber should go down to Plymouth. They think it indispensable that he should be upon the spot."

"That he may be ready?" I suggested.

"Exactly," returned Mrs. Micawber. "That he may be ready, in case of anything turning up."

* After having served a term of imprisonment for debt.

"And do you go too, ma'am?"

The events of the day, in combination with the twins, if not with the flip, had made Mrs. Micawber hysterical, and she shed tears as she replied:

"I never will desert Mr. Micawber. Mr. Micawber may have concealed his difficulties from me in the first instance, but his sanguine temper may have led him to expect that he would overcome them. The pearl necklace and bracelets, which I inherited from mamma, have been disposed of for less than half their value, and the set of coral, which was the wedding gift of my papa, has been actually thrown away for nothing. But I never will desert Mr. Micawber. No!" cried Mrs. Micawber, more affected than before, "I never will do it! It's of no use asking me!"

I felt quite uncomfortable—as if Mrs. Micawber supposed I had asked her to do anything of the sort!—and sat looking at her in alarm.

"Mr. Micawber has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities, both," she went on, looking at the wall; "but I never will desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mrs. Micawber having now raised her voice into a perfect scream, I was so frightened that I ran off to the club-room, and disturbed Mr. Micawber in the act of presiding at a long table, and leading the chorus of

> "Gee up, Dobbin,
> Gee ho, Dobbin,
> Gee up, Dobbin,
> Gee up, and gee ho—o—o!"

—with the tidings that Mrs. Micawber was in an alarming state; upon which he immediately burst into tears, and came away with me with his waistcoat full of the heads and tails of shrimps, of which he had been partaking.

"Emma, my angel!" cried Mr. Micawber, running into the room, "what is the matter?"

"I never will desert you, Micawber!" she exclaimed.

"My life!" said Mr. Micawber, taking her in his arms, "I am perfectly aware of it."

"He is the parent of my children! He is the father of my twins! He is the husband of my affections," cried Mrs. Micawber, struggling; "and I ne—ver—will—desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mr. Micawber was so deeply affected by this proof of her devotion (as to me, I was dissolved in tears), that he hung over her in a passionate manner, imploring her to look up, and to be calm. But the more he asked Mrs. Micawber to look up, the more she fixed her eyes on nothing; and the more he asked her to compose herself, the more she wouldn't. Consequently Mr. Micawber was soon so overcome, that he mingled his tears with hers and mine; until he begged me to do him the favour of taking a chair on the staircase, while he got her into bed. I would have taken my leave for the night, but he would not hear of my doing that until the strangers' bell should ring. So I sat at the staircase window, until he came out with another chair and joined me.

"How is Mrs. Micawber now, sir?" I said.

"Very low," said Mr. Micawber, shaking his head—"reaction. Ah, this has been a dreadful day! We stand alone now—everything is gone from us!"

Mr. Micawber pressed my hand, and groaned, and afterwards shed tears. I was greatly touched, and disappointed too, for I had expected that we should be quite gay on this happy and long-looked-for occasion. But Mr. and Mrs. Micawber were so used to their old difficulties, I think, that they felt quite shipwrecked when they came to consider that they were released from them. All their elasticity was departed, and I never saw them half so wretched as on this night;

insomuch that when the bell rang, and Mr. Micawber walked with me to the lodge, and parted from me there with a blessing, I felt quite afraid to leave him by himself, he was so profoundly miserable.

But through all the confusion and lowness of spirits in which we had been, so unexpectedly to me, involved, I plainly discerned that Mr. and Mrs. Micawber and their family were going away from London, and that a parting between us was near at hand. It was in my walk home that night, and in the sleepless hours which followed when I lay in bed, that the thought first occurred to me—though I don't know how it came into my head—which afterwards shaped itself into a settled resolution.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

W. M. Thackeray (1811–63)

[Thackeray's style is more restrained than that of Dickens, and he is interested chiefly in the fortunes of the upper and upper-middle classes, though he describes their doings to a great extent in order to show their follies. But he had a warm admiration for fine character, and there are many noble figures in his *Vanity Fair*, *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, and *Henry Esmond*. The following letter is from the heroine of *Vanity Fair*, who had been appointed governess at the house of Sir Pitt Crawley, and describes her first impressions to her schoolfellow, Amelia Sedley.]

"My dearest, sweetest Amelia,—With what mingled joy and sorrow do I take up the pen to write to my dearest friend! Oh, what a change between to-day and yesterday! *Now* I am friendless and alone; yesterday I was at home, in the sweet company of a sister, whom I shall ever, *ever* cherish!

"I will not tell you in what tears and sadness I

passed the fatal night in which I separated from you. *You* went on Tuesday to joy and happiness, with your mother and *your devoted young soldier* by your side; and I thought of you all night, dancing at the Perkins's, the prettiest, I am sure, of all the young ladies at the ball. I was brought by the groom in the old carriage to Sir Pitt Crawley's town house, where, after John the groom had behaved most rudely and insolently to me (alas! 'twas safe to insult poverty and misfortune!), I was given over to Sir P.'s care, and made to pass the night in an old, gloomy bed, and by the side of a horrid, gloomy old charwoman, who keeps the house. I did not sleep one single wink the whole night.

"Sir Pitt is not what we silly girls, when we used to read *Cecilia* at Chiswick, imagined a baronet must have been. Anything, indeed, less like Lord Orville cannot be imagined. Fancy an old, stumpy, short, vulgar, and very dirty man, in old clothes and shabby old gaiters, who smokes a horrid pipe, and cooks his own horrid supper in a saucepan. He speaks with a country accent, and swore a great deal at the old charwoman, at the hackney-coachman who drove us to the inn where the coach went from, and on which I made the journey *outside for the greater part of the way.*

"I was awakened at daybreak by the charwoman, and having arrived at the inn, was at first placed inside the coach. But when we got to a place called Leakington, where the rain began to fall very heavily —will you believe it?—I was forced to come outside; for Sir Pitt is a proprietor of the coach, and as a passenger came at Mudbury, who wanted an inside place, I was obliged to go outside in the rain, where, however, a young gentleman from Cambridge College sheltered me very kindly in one of his *several* greatcoats.

"This gentleman and the guard seemed to know Sir Pitt very well, and laughed at him a great deal. They both agreed in calling him an *old screw*, which

means a very stingy, avaricious person. He never gives any money to anybody, they said (and this meanness I hate); and the young gentleman made me remark that we drove very slow for the last two stages on the road, because Sir Pitt was on the box, and because he is proprietor of the horses for this part of the journey. 'But won't I flog 'em on to Squashmore, when I take the ribbons?' said the young *Cantab.* 'And sarve 'em right, Master Jack,' said the guard. When I comprehended the meaning of this phrase, and that Master Jack intended to drive the rest of the way, and revenge himself on Sir Pitt's horses, of course I laughed too.

"A carriage and four splendid horses, covered with armorial bearings, however, awaited us at Mudbury, four miles from Queen's Crawley, and we made our entrance to the baronet's park in state. There is a fine avenue of a mile long leading to the house, and the woman at the lodge-gate (over the pillars of which are a serpent and a dove, the supporters of the Crawley arms), made us a number of curtsies as she flung open the old iron carved doors, which are something like those at odious Chiswick.

"'There's an avenue,' said Sir Pitt, 'a mile long. There's six thousand pound of timber in them there trees. Do you call that nothing?' He pronounced avenue—*evenue*, and nothing—*nothink*, so droll; and he had a Mr. Hodson, his hind from Mudbury, into the carriage with him, and they talked about distraining, and selling up, and draining and subsoiling, and a great deal about tenants and farming—much more than I could understand. Sam Miles had been caught poaching, and Peter Bailey had gone to the workhouse at last. 'Serve him right,' said Sir Pitt; 'him and his family has been cheating me on that farm these hundred and fifty years.' Some old tenant, I suppose, who could not pay his rent. Sir Pitt might have said '*he* and his family,' to be sure; but rich baronets do

not need to be careful about grammar, as poor governesses must be.

"As we passed, I remarked a beautiful church spire rising above some old elms in the park; and before them, in the midst of a lawn, and some outhouses, an old red house with tall chimneys covered with ivy, and the windows shining in the sun. 'Is that your church, sir?' I said.

"'Yes, hang it' (said Sir Pitt, only he used, dear, *a much wickeder word*); 'how's Buty, Hodson? Buty's my brother Bute, my dear—my brother the parson. Buty and the Beast, I call him, ha, ha!'

"Hodson laughed too, and then looking more grave and nodding his head, said, 'I'm afraid he's better, Sir Pitt. He was out on his pony yesterday, looking at our corn.'

"'Looking after his tithes, hang 'un' (only he used the same wicked word). 'Will brandy and water never kill him? He's as tough as old whatdyecallum—old Methusalem.'

"Mr. Hodson laughed again. 'The young men is home from college. They've whopped John Scroggins till he's well-nigh dead.'

"'Whop my second keeper!' roared out Sir Pitt.

"'He was on the parson's ground, sir,' replied Mr. Hodson; and Sir Pitt in a fury swore that if ever he caught 'em poaching on his ground, he'd transport 'em, by the lord he would. However, he said, 'I've sold the presentation of the living, Hodson: none of that breed shall get it, I war'nt;' and Mr. Hodson said he was quite right: and I have no doubt from this that the two brothers are at variance—as brothers often are, and sisters too. Don't you remember the two Miss Scratchleys at Chiswick, how they used always to fight and quarrel—and Mary Box, how she was always thumping Louisa?

"Presently, seeing two little boys gathering sticks in the wood, Mr. Hodson jumped out of the carriage, at

Sir Pitt's order, and rushed upon them with his whip. 'Pitch into 'em, Hodson,' roared the Baronet; 'flog their little souls out, and bring 'em up to the house, the vagabonds; I'll commit 'em as sure as my name's Pitt.' And presently we heard Mr. Hodson's whip cracking on the shoulders of the poor little blubbering wretches, and Sir Pitt, seeing that the malefactors were in custody, drove on to the hall.

"All the servants were ready to meet us, and

. . . . . .

"Here, my dear, I was interrupted last night by a dreadful thumping at my door: and who do you think it was? Sir Pitt Crawley in his night-cap and dressing-gown, such a figure! As I shrank away from such a visitor, he came forward and seized my candle. 'No candles after eleven o'clock, Miss Becky,' said he. 'Go to bed in the dark, you pretty little hussey' (that is what he called me), 'and unless you wish me to come for the candle every night, mind and be in bed at eleven.' And with this, he and Mr. Horrocks the butler went off laughing. You may be sure I shall not encourage any more of their visits. They let loose two immense bloodhounds at night, which all last night were yelling and howling at the moon. 'I call the dog Gorer,' said Sir Pitt; 'he's killed a man that dog has, and is master of a bull, and the mother I used to call Flora; but now I calls her Aroarer, for she's too old to bite. Haw, haw!'

"Before the house of Queen's Crawley, which is an odious old-fashioned red brick mansion, with tall chimneys and gables of the style of Queen Bess, there is a terrace flanked by the family dove and serpent, and on which the great hall-door opens. And oh, my dear, the great hall I am sure is as big and as glum as the great hall in the dear castle of Udolpho. It has a large fireplace, in which we might put half Miss Pinkerton's school, and the grate is big enough to roast an ox at the very least. Round the room hang I don't know how

many generations of Crawleys, some with beards and ruffs, some with huge wigs and toes turned out, some dressed in long straight stays and gowns that look as stiff as towers, and some with long ringlets, and oh, my dear! scarcely any stays at all. At one end of the hall is the great staircase all in black oak, as dismal as may be, and on either side are tall doors with stags' heads over them, leading to the billiard-room and the library, and the great yellow saloon and the morning rooms. I think there are at least twenty bedrooms on the first floor; and one of them has the bed in which Queen Elizabeth slept; and I have been taken by my new pupils through all these fine apartments this morning. They are not rendered less gloomy, I promise you, by having the shutters always shut; and there is scarce one of the apartments but, when the light was let into it, I expected to see a ghost in the room. We have a schoolroom on the second floor, with my bedroom leading into it on one side, and that of the young ladies on the other. Then there are Mr. Pitt's apartments—Mr. Crawley, he is called—the eldest son, and Mr. Rawdon Crawley's rooms—he is an officer like *somebody*, and away with his regiment. There is no want of room, I assure you. You might lodge all the people in Russell Square in the house, I think, and have space to spare.

"Half an hour after our arrival the great dinner-bell was rung, and I came down with my two pupils (they are very thin, insignificant little chits of ten and eight years old). I came down in your *dear* muslin gown (about which that odious Mrs. Pinner was so rude, because you gave it me); for I am to be treated as one of the family, except on company days, when the young ladies and I are to dine upstairs.

"Well, the great dinner-bell rang, and we all assembled in the little drawing-room where my Lady Crawley sits. She is the second Lady Crawley, and mother of the young ladies. She was an ironmonger's

daughter, and her marriage was thought a great match. She looks as if she had been handsome once, and her eyes are always weeping for the loss of her beauty. She is pale and meagre and high-shouldered, and has not a word to say for herself, evidently. Her stepson, Mr. Crawley, was likewise in the room. He was in full dress, as pompous as an undertaker. He is pale, thin, ugly, silent; he has thin legs, no chest, hay-coloured whiskers, and straw-coloured hair. He is the very picture of his sainted mother over the mantelpiece—Griselda of the noble house of Binkie.

"'This is the new governess, Mr. Crawley,' said Lady Crawley, coming forward and taking my hand. 'Miss Sharp.'

"'Oh!' said Mr. Crawley, and pushed his head once forward, and began again to read a great pamphlet with which he was busy.

"'I hope you will be kind to my girls,' said Lady Crawley, with her pink eyes always full of tears.

"'Law, Ma, of course she will,' said the eldest; and I saw at a glance that I need not be afraid of *that* woman.

"'My lady is served,' says the Butler in black, in an immense white shirt-frill, that looked as if it had been one of the Queen Elizabeth's ruffs depicted in the hall; and so, taking Mr. Crawley's arm, she led the way to the dining-room, whither I followed with my little pupils in each hand.

"Sir Pitt was already in the room with a silver jug. He had just been to the cellar, and was in full dress too—that is, he had taken his gaiters off, and showed his little dumpy legs in black worsted stockings. The sideboard was covered with glistening old plate—old cups, both gold and silver; old salvers and cruet-stands, like Rundell and Bridge's shop. Everything on the table was in silver too, and two footmen, with red hair and canary-coloured liveries, stood on either side of the sideboard.

" Mr. Crawley said a long grace, and Sir Pitt said Amen, and the great silver dish-covers were removed.

" ' What have we for dinner, Betsy ? ' said the Baronet.

" ' Mutton broth, I believe, Sir Pitt,' answered Lady Crawley.

" ' *Mouton aux navets,*' added the Butler gravely (pronounce, if you please, moutongonavvy) ; ' and the soup is *potage de mouton à l'Ecossaise.* The side-dishes contain *pommes de terre au naturel,* and *choufleur à l'eau.*'

" ' Mutton's mutton,' said the Baronet, ' and a devilish good thing. What *ship* was it, Horrocks, and when did you kill ? '

" ' One of the black-faced Scotch, Sir Pitt ; we killed on Thursday.'

" ' Who took any ? '

" ' Steel, of Mudbury, took the saddle and two legs, Sir Pitt ; but he says the last was too young and confounded woolly, Sir Pitt.'

" ' Will you take some *potage,* Miss ah—Miss Blunt ? ' said Mr. Crawley.

" ' Capital Scotch broth, my dear,' said Sir Pitt, ' though they call it by a French name.'

" ' I believe it is the custom, sir, in decent society,' said Mr. Crawley haughtily, ' to call the dish as I have called it ; ' and it was served to us on silver soup-plates by the footmen in the canary coats, with the *mouton aux navets.* Then ' ale and water ' were brought, and served to us young ladies in wine-glasses. I am not a judge of ale, but I can say with a clear conscience I prefer water.

" While we were enjoying our repast, Sir Pitt took occasion to ask what had become of the shoulders of the mutton.

" ' I believe they were eaten in the servants' hall,' said my lady humbly.

" ' They was, my lady,' said Horrocks ; ' and precious little else we get there neither.'

" And I think this is all the conversation that I remember at dinner. When the repast was concluded, a jug of hot water was placed before Sir Pitt, with a case-bottle containing, I believe, rum. Mr. Horrocks served myself and my pupils with three little glasses of wine, and a bumper was poured out for my lady. When we retired, she took from her work-drawer an enormous interminable piece of knitting ; the young ladies began to play at cribbage with a dirty pack of cards. We had but one candle lighted, but it was in a magnificent old silver candlestick ; and after a very few questions from my lady, I had my choice of amusement between a volume of sermons, and a pamphlet on the corn-laws, which Mr. Crawley had been reading before dinner.

" So we sat for an hour until steps were heard.

" ' Put away the cards, girls,' cried my lady, in a great tremor ; ' put down Mr. Crawley's books, Miss Sharp ; ' and these orders had been scarcely obeyed, when Mr. Crawley entered the room.

" ' We will resume yesterday's discourse, young ladies,' said he, ' and you shall each read a page by turns ; so that Miss a—Miss Short may have an opportunity of hearing you ; ' and the poor girls began to spell a long dismal sermon delivered at Bethesda Chapel, Liverpool, on behalf of the mission for the Chickasaw Indians. Was it not a charming evening ?

" At ten the servants were told to call Sir Pitt and the household to prayers. Sir Pitt came in first, very much flushed, and rather unsteady in his gait ; and after him the Butler, the canaries, Mr. Crawley's man, three other men, smelling very much of the stable, and four women, one of whom, I remarked, was very much over-dressed, and who flung me a look of great scorn as she plumped down on her knees.

" After Mr. Crawley had done haranguing and ex-

pounding, we received our candles, and then we went to bed; and then I was disturbed in my writing, as I have described to my dearest, sweetest Amelia.

"Good-night. A thousand, thousand, thousand kisses!

"*Saturday.*—This morning, at five, I heard the shrieking of the little black pig. Rose and Violet introduced me to it yesterday; and to the stables, and to the kennel, and to the gardener, who was picking fruit to send to market, and from whom they begged hard a bunch of hothouse grapes; but he said that Sir Pitt had numbered every 'Man Jack' of them, and it would be as much as his place was worth to give any away. The darling girls caught a colt in a paddock, and asked me if I would ride, and began to ride themselves, when the groom, coming with horrid oaths, drove them away.

"Lady Crawley is always knitting the worsted. Sir Pitt is always tipsy, every night; and, I believe, sits with Horrocks, the butler. Mr. Crawley always reads sermons in the evening, and in the morning is locked up in his study, or else rides to Mudbury, on county business, or to Squashmore, where he preaches, on Wednesdays and Fridays, to the tenants there.

"A hundred thousand grateful loves to your dear papa and mamma. Is your poor brother recovered of his rack punch? O dear! O dear! How men should beware of wicked punch!

"Ever and ever thine own

"REBECCA."

LADY CASTLEWOOD

W. M. THACKERAY

My Lady had on her side three idols: first and foremost, Jove the supreme ruler, was her lord, Harry's

patron, the good Viscount of Castlewood. All wishes of his were laws with her. If he had a headache she was ill. If he frowned, she trembled. If he joked, she smiled and was charmed. If he went a-hunting, she was always at the window to see him ride away, her little son crowing on her arm, or on the watch till his return. She made dishes for his dinner: spiced his wine for him: made the toast for his tankard at breakfast: hushed the house when he slept in his chair, and watched for a look when he woke. If my Lord was not a little proud of his beauty, my Lady adored it. She clung to his arm as he paced the terrace, her two fair little hands clasped round his great one; her eyes were never tired of looking in his face and wondering at its perfection. Her little son was his son, and had his father's look and curly brown hair. Her daughter Beatrix was his daughter, and had his eyes—were there ever such beautiful eyes in the world? All the house was arranged so as to bring him ease and give him pleasure. She liked the small gentry round about to come and pay him court, never caring for admiration for herself; those who wanted to be well with the lady must admire him. Not regarding her dress, she would wear a gown to rags, because he had once liked it; and if he had bought her a brooch or a ribbon, would prefer it to the most costly article of her wardrobe.

My Lord went to London every year for six weeks, and the family being too poor to appear at Court with any figure, he went alone. It was not until he was out of sight that her face showed any sorrow: and what a joy when he came back! What preparation before his return! The fond creature had his arm-chair at the chimney-side—delighting to put the children in it, and to look at them there. Nobody took his place at the table; but his silver tankard stood there as when my Lord was present.

A pretty sight it was to see, during my Lord's

absence, or on those many mornings when sleep or headache kept him a-bed, this fair young lady of Castlewood, her little daughter at her knee, and her domestics gathered round her, reading the Morning Prayer of the English Church. Esmond long remembered how she looked and spoke, kneeling reverently before the sacred book, the sun shining upon her golden hair until it made a halo round about her. A dozen of the servants of the house kneeled in a line opposite their mistress. For a while Harry Esmond kept apart from these mysteries, but Doctor Tusher showing him that the prayers read were those of the Church of all ages, and the boy's own inclination prompting him to be always as near as he might to his mistress, and to think all things she did right, from listening to the prayers in the ante-chamber, he came presently to kneel down with the rest of the household in the parlour; and before a couple of years my lady had made a thorough convert. Indeed the boy loved his catechiser so much that he would have subscribed to anything she bade him, and was never tired of listening to her fond discourse and simple comments upon the book, which she read to him in a voice of which it was difficult to resist the sweet persuasion and tender appealing kindness. This friendly controversy, and the intimacy which it occasioned, bound the lad more fondly than ever to his mistress. The happiest period of his life was this; and the young mother, with her daughter and son, and the orphan lad whom she protected, read and worked and played, and were children together. If the lady looked forward—as what fond woman does not?—towards the future, she had no plans from which Harry Esmond was left out; and a thousand and a thousand times, in his passionate and impetuous way, he vowed that no power should separate him from his mistress; and only asked for some chance to happen by which he might show his fidelity to her. Now, at the close of his life, as he sits and

recalls in tranquillity the happy and busy scenes of it, he can think, not ungratefully, that he has been grateful to that early vow.

JANE EYRE MEETS ROCHESTER

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816–55)

[In *Jane Eyre*, *Villette*, and *Shirley* Charlotte Brontë deals passionately with the tragedies of the inner life, and especially with the disappointments, narrow lives, and repressions of the women of her own time, for whom she was one of the first to claim an existence apart from men, for whose comfort, pleasure, and glory, according to the Victorians, they ought to live—and die. She was, therefore, one of the first feminists, to use an ugly word. But she was more than that: she was a novelist of the first rank.]

THE ground was hard, the air was still, my road was lonely; I walked fast till I got warm, and then I walked slowly to enjoy and analyse the species of pleasure brooding for me in the hour and situation. It was three o'clock; the church bell tolled as I passed under the belfry: the charm of the hour lay in its approaching dimness, in the low-gliding and pale-beaming sun. I was a mile from Thornfield, in a lane noted for wild roses in summer, for nuts and blackberries in autumn, and even now possessing a few coral treasures in hips and haws, but whose best winter delight lay in its utter solitude and leafless repose. If a breath of air stirred, it made no sound here; for there was not a holly, not an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white, worn stones which causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide, on each side, there were only fields, where no cattle now browsed; and the little brown birds, which stirred occasionally in the hedge,

looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

This lane inclined up-hill all the way to Hay: having reached the middle, I sat down on a stile which led thence into a field. Gathering my mantle about me, and sheltering my hands in my muff, I did not feel the cold, though it froze keenly; as was attested by a sheet of ice covering the causeway, where a little brooklet, now congealed, had overflowed after a rapid thaw some days since. From my seat I could look down on Thornfield; the grey and battlemented hall was the principal object in the vale below me; its wood and dark rookery rose against the west. I lingered till the sun went down amongst the trees, and sank crimson and clear behind them. I then turned eastward.

On the hill-top above me sat the rising moon; pale yet as a cloud, but brightening momently: she looked over Hay, which, half lost in trees, sent up a blue smoke from its few chimneys; it was yet a mile distant, but in the absolute hush I could hear plainly its thin murmurs of life. My ear too felt the flow of currents; in what dales and depths I could not tell: but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams, the sough of the most remote.

A rude noise broke on these fine ripplings and whisperings, at once so far away and so clear: a positive tramp, tramp; a metallic clatter, which effaced the soft wave-wanderings; as, in a picture, the solid mass of a crag, or the rough boles of a great oak, drawn in dark and strong on the foreground, efface the aerial distance of azure hill, sunny horizon, and blended clouds, where tint melts into tint.

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile; yet, as the path was

narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies bright and dark tenanted my mind: the memories of nursery stories were there amongst other rubbish; and when they recurred, maturing youth added to them a vigour and vividness beyond what childhood could give. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales, wherein figured a North of England spirit, called a "Gytrash"; which, in the form of a horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when, in addition to the tramp, tramp, I heard a rush under the hedge, and close down by the hazel stems glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees. It was exactly one mask of Bessie's Gytrash,—a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough; not staying to look up, with strange preternatural eyes, in my face, as I half expected it would. The horse followed,—a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man, the human being, broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone; and goblins, to my notions, though they might tenant the dumb carcases of beasts, could scarce covet shelter in the commonplace human form. No Gytrash was this,—only a traveller taking the short-cut to Millcote. He passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned: a sliding sound and an exclamation of "What the deuce is to do now?" and a clattering tumble, arrested my attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on the sheet of ice which glazed the causeway. The dog came bounding back, and seeing his master in a predicament, and hearing the horse groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound, which was deep in proportion to its magnitude.

He snuffed round the prostrate group, and then he ran up to me; it was all he could do,—there was no other help at hand to summon. I obeyed him, and walked down to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could not be much hurt; but I asked him the question:—

"Are you injured, sir?"

I think he was swearing, but am not certain; however, he was pronouncing some formula which prevented him from replying to me directly.

"Can I do anything?" I asked again.

"You must just stand on one side," he answered as he rose, first to his knees, and then to his feet. I did; whereupon began a heaving, stamping, clattering process, accompanied by a barking and baying which removed me effectually some yards' distance; but I would not be driven quite away till I saw the event. This was finally fortunate; the horse was re-established, and the dog was silenced with a "Down, Pilot!" The traveller now, stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them, for he halted to the stile whence I had just risen, and sat down.

I was in the mood for being useful, or at least officious, I think, for I now drew near him again.

"If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one from Thornfield Hall or from Hay."

"Thank you; I shall do: I have no broken bones—only a sprain;" and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the result extorted an involuntary "Ugh!"

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was waxing bright: I could see him plainly. His figure was enveloped in a riding cloak, fur collared, and steel clasped; its details were not apparent, but I traced the general points of middle height, and considerable breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and a heavy brow; his eyes and

gathered eyebrows looked ireful and thwarted just now; he was past youth, but had not reached middle age; perhaps he might be thirty-five. I felt no fear of him, and but little shyness. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young gentleman, I should not have dared to stand thus questioning him against his will, and offering my services unasked. I had hardly ever seen a handsome youth; never in my life spoken to one. I had a theoretical reverence for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination; but had I met those qualities incarnate in masculine shape, I should have known instinctively that they neither had nor could have sympathy with anything in me, and should have shunned them as one would fire, lightning, or anything else that is bright but antipathetic.

If even this stranger had smiled and been good-humoured to me when I addressed him; if he had put off my offer of assistance gaily and with thanks, I should have gone on my way and not felt any vocation to renew inquiries: but the frown, the roughness of the traveller set me at my ease: I retained my station when he waved to me to go, and announced:—

"I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse."

He looked at me when I said this: he had hardly turned his eyes in my direction before.

"I should think you ought to be at home yourself," said he, "if you have a home in this neighbourhood: where do you come from?"

"From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight: I will run over to Hay for you with pleasure, if you wish it; indeed, I am going there to post a letter."

"You live just below—do you mean at the house with the battlements?" pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam, bringing it out distinct and pale from the woods, that, by con-

trast with the western sky, now seemed one mass of shadow.

"Yes, sir!"

"Whose house is it?"

"Mr. Rochester's."

"Do you know Mr. Rochester?"

"No; I have never seen him."

"He is not resident, then?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where he is?"

"I cannot."

"You are not a servant at the hall, of course. You are——" He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which as usual was quite simple: a black merino cloak, a black beaver bonnet; neither of them half fine enough for a lady's maid. He seemed puzzled to decide what I was: I helped him.

"I am the governess."

"Ah, the governess!" he repeated; "deuce take me, if I had not forgotten! The governess!" and again my raiment underwent scrutiny. In two minutes he rose from the stile: his face expressed pain when he tried to move.

"I cannot commission you to fetch help," he said; "but you may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind."

"Yes, sir."

"You have not an umbrella that I can use as a stick?"

"No."

"Try to get hold of my horse's bridle and lead him to me: you are not afraid?"

I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, but when told to do it, I was disposed to obey. I put down my muff on the stile, and went up to the tall steed; I endeavoured to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing, and would not let me come near its head; I made effort on effort, though in vain:

meantime, I was mortally afraid of its trampling fore-feet. The traveller waited and watched for some time, and at last he laughed.

"I see," he said, "the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain; I must beg of you to come here."

I came. "Excuse me," he continued; "necessity compels me to make you useful." He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me with some stress, limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly, and sprang to his saddle; grimacing grimly as he made the effort, for it wrenched his sprain.

"Now," said he, releasing his under lip from a hard bite, "just hand me my whip; it lies there under the hedge."

I sought it and found it.

"Thank you; now make haste with the letter to Hay, and return as fast as you can."

A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away; the dog rushed in his traces: all three vanished,

> "Like heath that, in the wilderness,
> The wild wind whirls away."

THE FLOOD

George Eliot (1819–80)

[Mary Ann Evans took a man's pen-name and wrote like a man, even more so than Charlotte Brontë, who had used the name of Currer Bell, and, like Fanny Burney and Scott the "Great Unknown," mystified the public for some time. George Eliot had, however, a wider outlook and a sense of genial humour. She was a critic of life and literature, and a thinker of real intellectual power. Her

best known stories are *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The following extract is taken from the second of these books.]

AT that moment Maggie felt a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet: it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door that led into the passage. She was not bewildered for an instant; she knew it was the flood!

The tumult of emotion she had been enduring for the last twelve hours seemed to have left a great calm in her; without screaming, she hurried with the candle upstairs to Bob Jakin's bedroom. The door was ajar; she went in and shook him by the shoulder.

"Bob, the flood is come! it is in the house! Let us see if we can make the boats safe."

She lighted his candle, while the poor wife, snatching up her baby, burst into screams; and then she hurried down again to see if the waters were rising fast. There was a step down into the room at the door leading from the staircase: she saw that the water was already on a level with the step. While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden framework inwards in shivers, the water pouring in after it.

"It is the boat!" cried Maggie. "Bob, come down to get the boats!"

And without a moment's shudder of fear, she plunged through the water, which was rising fast to her knees, and by the glimmering light of the candle she had left on the stairs, she mounted on to the window-sill and crept into the boat, which was left with the prow lodging and protruding through the window. Bob was not long after her, hurrying without shoes or stockings, but with the lanthorn in his hand.

"Why, they're both here—both the boats," said Bob, as he got into the one where Maggie was. "It's

wonderful this fastening isn't broke too, as well as the mooring."

In the excitement of getting into the other boat, unfastening it, and mastering an oar, Bob was not struck with the danger Maggie incurred. We are not apt to fear for the fearless when we are companions in their danger, and Bob's mind was absorbed in possible expedients for the safety of the helpless indoors. The fact that Maggie had been up, had waked him, and had taken the lead in activity, gave Bob a vague impression of her as one who would help to protect, not need to be protected. She too had got possession of an oar, and had pushed off, so as to release the boat from the overhanging window-frame.

"The water's rising so fast," said Bob, "I doubt it'll be in at the chambers before long—th' house is so low. I've more mind to get Prissy and the child and the mother into the boat, if I could, and trusten to the water, for th' old house is none so safe. And if I let go the boat—— But *you*," he exclaimed, suddenly lifting the light of his lanthorn on Maggie, as she stood in the rain with the oar in her hand and her black hair streaming.

Maggie had no time to answer, for a new tidal current swept along the line of the houses, and drove both the boats out on to the wide water, with a force that carried them far past the meeting current of the river.

In the first moments Maggie felt nothing, thought of nothing, but that she had suddenly passed away from that life which she had been dreading: it was the transition of death, without its agony; and she was alone in the darkness with God.

The whole thing had been so rapid—so dream-like—that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She sank down on the seat clutching the oar mechanically, and for a long while had no distinct conception of her position. The first thing that waked her to fuller

consciousness was the cessation of the rain, and a perception that the darkness was divided by the faintest light, which parted the overhanging gloom from the immeasurable watery level below. She was driven out upon the flood—that awful visitation of God which her father used to talk of—which had made the nightmare of her childish dreams. And with that thought there rushed in the vision of the old home—and Tom—and her mother. They had all listened together.

"O God, where am I? Which is the way home?" she cried out, in the dim loneliness.

What was happening to them at the mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it. They might be in danger, in distress, her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help! Her whole soul was strained now on that thought; and she saw the long-loved faces looking for help into the darkness, and finding none.

She was floating in smooth water now—perhaps far on the over-flooded fields. There was no sense of present danger to check the outgoing of her mind to the old home; and she strained her eyes against the curtain of gloom, that she might seize the first sight of her whereabout—that she might catch some faint suggestion of the spot towards which all her anxieties tended.

Oh, how welcome the widening of that dismal watery level—the gradual uplifting of the cloudy firmament—the slowly defining blackness of objects above the glassy dark! Yes, she must be out on the fields: those were the tops of hedgerow trees. Which way did the river lie? Looking behind her, she saw the lines of black trees; looking before her there were none. Then the river lay before her. She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of wakening hope. The dawning seemed to advance more swiftly, now she was in action; and she could soon see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously

on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she paddled and rowed by turns in the growing twilight; her wet clothes clung round her, and her streaming hair was dashed about by the wind, but she was hardly conscious of any bodily sensations, except a sensation of strength, inspired by mighty emotion. Along with the sense of danger and possible rescue for those long-remembered beings at the old home there was an undefined sense of reconcilement with her brother. What quarrel, what harshness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vesture of our life is gone, and we are all one with each other in primitive mortal needs? Vaguely Maggie felt this, in the strong resurgent love towards her brother that swept away all the later impressions of hard, cruel offence and misunderstanding, and left only the deep, underlying, unshakable memories of early union.

But now there was a large dark mass in the distance, and near to her Maggie could discern the current of the river. The dark mass must be—yes, it was—St. Ogg's. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees—the grey willows, the now yellowing chestnuts—and above them the old roof! But there was no colour, no shape yet: all was faint and dim. More and more strongly the energies seemed to come and put themselves forth, as if her life were a stored-up force that was being spent in this hour, unneeded for any future.

She must get her boat into the current of the Floss, else she would never be able to pass the Ripple and approach the house; this was the thought that occurred to her as she imagined with more and more vividness the state of things round the old home. But then she might be carried very far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. For the first time distinct ideas of danger began to press upon her; but there was no choice of courses, no room for

hesitation, and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now, without effort ; more and more clearly in the lessening distance and the growing light she began to discern the objects that she knew must be the well-known trees and roofs ; nay, she was not far off a rushing, muddy current that must be the strangely altered Ripple.

Great God ! there were floating masses in it, that might dash against her boat as she passed, and cause her to perish too soon. What were those masses ?

For the first time Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. She sat helpless, dimly conscious that she was being floated along, more intensely conscious of the anticipated clash. But the horror was transient : it passed away before the oncoming warehouses of St. Ogg's. She had passed the mouth of the Ripple, then ; *now* she must use all her skill and power to manage the boat and get it, if possible, out of the current. She could see now that the bridge was broken down ; she could see the masts of a stranded vessel far out over the watery field. But no boats were to be seen moving on the river : such as had been laid hands on were employed in the flooded streets.

With new resolution Maggie seized her oar, and stood up again to paddle ; but the now ebbing tide added to the swiftness of the river, and she was carried along beyond the bridge. She could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look towards her uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars, and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back towards the mill. Colour was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to

the right, and the home chestnuts. Oh! how deep they lay in the water—deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the mill—where was it? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant? But it was not the house: the house stood firm—drowned up to the first story, but still firm; or was it broken in at the end towards the mill?

With panting joy that she was there, at last—joy that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound, she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs windows. She called out in a loud, piercing voice:

"Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? Here is Maggie!"

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice:

"Who is it? Have you brought a boat?"

"It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother?"

"She is not here; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window."

"Alone, Maggie?" said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

"Yes, Tom. God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else?"

"No," said Tom, stepping into the boat; "I fear the man is drowned; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie."

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit of the depths in life

that had lain beyond his vision, which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other—Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face; Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely-protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter—the old childish "Magsie!"

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

As soon as she could speak she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigour, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

THE TEA PARTY

GEORGE ELIOT

AND now that we are snug and warm with this little tea-party, while it is freezing with February bitterness outside, we will listen to what they are talking about.

"So," said Mr. Pilgrim, with his mouth only half empty of muffin, "you had a row in Shepperton Church last Sunday. I was at Jem Hood's, the bassoon-man's, this morning, attending his wife, and he swears he'll be revenged on the parson—a confounded, methodistical, meddlesome chap, who must be putting his finger in every pie. What was it all about?"

"O, a passill o' nonsense," said Mr. Hackit, sticking one thumb between the buttons of his capacious waistcoat, and retaining a pinch of snuff with the other—for he was but moderately given to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," and had already finished his tea; "they began to sing the wedding psalm for a new-married couple, as pretty a psalm an' as pretty a tune as any's in the prayer-book. It's been sung for every new-married couple since I was a boy. And what can

be better ? " Here Mr. Hackit stretched out his left arm, threw back his head, and broke into melody—

" ' O what a happy thing it is,
And joyful for to see,
Brethren to dwell together in
Friendship and unity.'

But Mr. Barton is all for th' hymns, and a sort o' music as I can't join in at all."

" And so," said Mr. Pilgrim, recalling Mr. Hackit from lyrical reminiscences to narrative, " he called out Silence ! did he ? when he got into the pulpit ; and gave a hymn out himself to some meeting-house tune ? "

" Yes," said Mrs. Hackit, stooping towards the candle to pick up a stitch, " and turned as red as a turkey-cock. I often say, when he preaches about meekness, he gives himself a slap in the face. He's like me—he's got a temper of his own."

" Rather a low-bred fellow, I think, Barton," said Mr. Pilgrim, who hated the Rev. Amos for two reasons —because he had called in a new doctor, recently settled in Shepperton ; and because, being himself a dabbler in drugs, he had the credit of having cured a patient of Mr. Pilgrim's. " They say his father was a dissenting shoemaker ; and he's half a dissenter himself. Why, doesn't he preach extempore in that cottage up here, of a Sunday evening ? "

" Tchaw ! "—this was Mr. Hackit's favourite interjection—" that preaching without book's no good, only when a man has a gift, and has the Bible at his fingers' ends. It was all very well for Parry—he'd a gift ; and in my youth I've heard the Ranters out o' doors in Yorkshire go on for an hour or two on end, without ever sticking fast a minute. There was one clever chap, I remember, as used to say, ' You're like the woodpigeon ; it says do, do, do all day, and never sets about any work itself.' That's bringing it home

to people. But our parson's no gift at all that way; he can preach as good a sermon as need be heard when he writes it down. But when he tries to preach without book, he rambles about, and doesn't stick to 's text; and every now and then he flounders about like a sheep as has cast itself, and can't get on 'ts legs again. You wouldn't like that, Mrs. Patten, if you was to go to church now?"

"Eh, dear," said Mrs. Patten, falling back in her chair, and lifting up her little withered hands, "what 'ud Mr. Gilfil say, if he was worthy to know the changes as have come about i' the church these last ten years? I don't understand these new sort o' doctrines. When Mr. Barton comes to see me, he talks about nothing but my sins and my need o' marcy. Now, Mr. Hackit, I've never been a sinner. From the fust beginning, when I went into service, I al'ys did my duty by my emplyers. I was a good wife as any's in the county—never aggravated my husband. The cheese-factor used to say my cheese was al'ys to be depended on. I've known women, as their cheeses swelled a shame to be seen, when their husbands had counted on the cheese-money to make up their rent; and yet they'd three gowns to my one. If I'm not to be saved, I know a many as are in a bad way. But it's well for me as I can't go to church any longer, for if th' old singers are to be done away with, there'll be nothing left as it was in Mr. Patten's time; and what's more, I hear you've settled to pull the church down and build it up new?"

Now the fact was that the Rev. Amos Barton, on his last visit to Mrs. Patten, had urged her to enlarge her promised subscription of twenty pounds, representing to her that she was only a steward of her riches, and that she could not spend them more for the glory of God than by giving a heavy subscription towards the rebuilding of Shepperton Church—a practical precept which was not likely to smooth the way to her accept-

ance of his theological doctrine. Mr. Hackit, who had more doctrinal enlightenment than Mrs. Patten, had been a little shocked by the heathenism of her speech, and was glad of the new turn given to the subject by this question, addressed to him as church-warden and an authority in all parochial matters.

"Ah," he answered, "the parson's boddered us into it at last, and we're to begin pulling down this spring. But we haven't got money enough yet. I was for waiting till we'd made up the sum, and, for my part, I think the congregation's fell off o' late; though Mr. Barton says that's because there's been no room for the people when they've come. You see, the congregation got so large in Parry's time, the people stood in th' aisles; but there's never any crowd now, as I can see."

"Well," said Mrs. Hackit, whose good-nature began to act now that it was a little in contradiction with the dominant tone of the conversation, "*I* like Mr. Barton. I think he's a good sort o' man, for all he's not over-burthen'd i' th' upper story; and his wife's as nice a lady-like woman as I'd wish to see. How nice she keeps her children! and little enough money to do't with; and a delicate creatur'—six children, and another a-coming. I don't know how they make both ends meet, I'm sure, now her aunt has left 'em. But I sent 'em a cheese and a sack o' potatoes last week; that's something towards filling the little mouths."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hackit, "and my wife makes Mr. Barton a good stiff glass o' brandy-and-water, when he comes in to supper after his cottage preaching. The parson likes it; it puts a bit o' colour into 's face, and makes him look a deal handsomer."

This allusion to brandy-and-water suggested to Miss Gibbs the introduction of the liquor decanters, now that the tea was cleared away; for in bucolic society five-and-twenty years ago, the human animal of the male sex was understood to be perpetually athirst, and

" something to drink " was as necessary a " condition of thought " as Time and Space.

" Now, that cottage preaching," said Mr. Pilgrim, mixing himself a strong glass of " cold without," " I was talking about it to our Parson Ely the other day, and he doesn't approve of it at all. He said it did as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching. That was what Ely said—it does as much harm as good to give a too familiar aspect to religious teaching."

Mr. Pilgrim generally spoke with an intermittent kind of splutter; indeed, one of his patients had observed that it was a pity such a clever man had a " 'pediment " in his speech. But when he came to what he conceived the pith of his argument or the point of his joke, he mouthed out his words with slow emphasis; as a hen, when advertising her accomplishment, passes at irregular intervals from pianissimo semi-quavers to fortissimo crotchets. He thought this speech of Mr. Ely's particularly metaphysical and profound, and the more decisive of the question because it was a generality which represented no particulars to his mind.

" Well, I don't know about that," said Mrs. Hackit, who had always the courage of her opinion, " but I know, some of our labourers and stockingers as used never come to church, come to the cottage, and that's better than never hearing anything good from week's end to week's end. And there's that Track Society as Mr. Barton has begun—I've seen more o' the poor people with going tracking, than all the time I've lived in the parish before. And there'd need be something done among 'em; for the drinking at them Benefit Clubs is shameful. There's hardly a steady man or steady woman either, but what's a dissenter."

During this speech of Mrs. Hackit's, Mr. Pilgrim had emitted a succession of little snorts, something like the treble grunts of a guinea-pig, which were always with

him the sign of suppressed disapproval. But he never contradicted Mrs. Hackit—a woman whose "pot luck" was always to be relied on, and who on her side had unlimited reliance on bleeding, blistering, and draughts.

Mrs. Patten, however, felt equal disapprobation, and had no reasons for suppressing it.

"Well," she remarked, "I've heared of no good from interfering with one's neighbours, poor or rich. And I hate the sight o' women going about trapesing from house to house in all weathers, wet or dry, and coming in with their petticoats dagged and their shoes all over mud. Janet wanted to join in the tracking, but I told her I'd have nobody tracking out o' my house; when I'm gone, she may do as she likes. I never dagged my petticoats in *my* life, and I've no opinion o' that sort o' religion."

"No," said Mr. Hackit, who was fond of soothing the acerbities of the feminine mind with a jocose compliment, "you held your petticoats so high, to show your tight ankles: it isn't everybody as likes to show her ankles."

This joke met with general acceptance, even from the snubbed Janet, whose ankles were only tight in the sense of looking extremely squeezed by her boots. But Janet seemed always to identify herself with her aunt's personality, holding her own under protest.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881)

[This writer brought vivid reality to historical narrative, partly by his fresh method of arranging his material, partly by inventing a new style of composition which suggested the storm and stress of stirring events (as in his *French Revolution* and *Oliver Cromwell*), which cannot be fully represented by the flowing, well-balanced sentences

of a Gibbon. Moreover, Carlyle was also a philosopher and something of a prophet, and seized every opportunity to drive home what he considered to be the "lessons" of history.]

AMID which dim ferment of Caen and the World, History specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young Lady with an aged valet, taking grave graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year, of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? "She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy." A completeness, a decision is in this fair female Figure: "by energy she means the spirit that will prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country." What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries! Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim-simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair Apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little Life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's Note of Introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday the ninth of July seated in the Caen Diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her Father will find a line left, signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon

her, and forget her. The drowsy Diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of Politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of the journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her Note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hands; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday; yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais-Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach: "To the Rue de l'École de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat! —The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless beautiful Charlotte; hapless squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together. Charlotte, returning to her Inn, despatches a short Note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and "will put it in his power to do France a great service." No answer. Charlotte

writes another Note, still more pressing ; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their Week ; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont : this one fair Figure has decision in it ; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month ; eve of the Bastille day,—when " M. Marat," four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, " to dismount, and give up their arms, then " ; and became notable among Patriot men. Four years : what a road he has travelled ;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath ; sore afflicted ; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this History had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man : with precisely elevenpence-halfpenny of ready money in paper ; with slipper-bath ; strong three-footed stool for writing on the while : and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her : that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street ; thither and not elsewhither has his road led him. Not to the reign of Brotherhood and Perfect Felicity ; yet surely on the way towards that ?—Hark, a rap again ! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected : it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognizing from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen the seat of rebellion, and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant.* Now what are the traitors doing at Caen ? What Deputies are at Caen ?—Charlotte names some Deputies. " Their heads shall fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write : *Barbaroux, Pétion,* writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath : *Pétion,* and *Louvet,* and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the

sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*À moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat, People's-friend, is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar, —*whitherward?* He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, "Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated," may decree him Pantheon Honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin Societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call "the good Sansculotte,"—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the Urn that holds his Heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como Hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his Picture, or Death-Scene; and such other Apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this Sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* Newspaper: how Marat's Brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, "that the deceased Jean-Paul Marat's musket be given him." For Marat too had a brother and natural affections; and was wrapped once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished; the recompense of it is near and sure. The *chère amie* and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she "over-

turns some movables," entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it "fourth day of the Preparation of Peace." A strange murmur ran through the Hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the cutler of the Palais-Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation? "By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely (*extrêmement*), as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is Death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown classical spirit. To the Priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him. . . .

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte

Corday both, suddenly, are no more. . . . O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the Mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the History of Charlotte Corday; most definite, most complete; angelic-dæmonic: like a Star!

LONDON AT THE RESTORATION

THOMAS BABINGTON (LORD) MACAULAY (1800–59)

[Macaulay first gave to serious history the interest of a well-told tale. He takes pains with detail and draws vivid pictures of past time against which the leading figures in history move, not as puppets, but as human beings. He wrote many historical *Essays* and an unfinished *History of England from James II.*, and gives us "history with a bias," his own sympathies being with the Whigs.]

WHOEVER examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. In the east, no part of the immense line of warehouses and artificial lakes which now stretches from the Tower to Blackwall had even been projected. On the west, scarcely one of those stately piles of building which are inhabited by the noble and wealthy was in existence; and Chelsea, which is now peopled by more than forty thousand human beings, was a quiet country village with about a thousand inhabitants. On the north cattle fed, and sportsmen wandered with dogs and guns over the site

of the borough of Marylebone, and over far the greater part of the space now covered by the boroughs of Finsbury and of the Tower Hamlets. Islington was almost a solitude; and poets loved to contrast its silence and repose with the din and turmoil of the monster London. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars. In 1685, a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished, after a fashion worthy of the naked barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river. . . .

"Of the metropolis, the City, properly so called, was the most important division. At the time of the Restoration it had been built, for the most part, of wood and plaster; the few bricks that were used were ill baked; the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets, and were overhung by the upper stories. A few specimens of this architecture may still be seen in those districts which were not reached by the great fire. That fire had, in a few days, covered a space of little less than a square mile, with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thirteen thousand houses. But the City had risen again with a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighbouring countries. Unfortunately the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved: and those lines, originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too narrow to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury. The style of building was, however, far superior to that of the City which had perished. The ordinary material was brick, of much better quality than had formerly been used. On the sites of the ancient parish churches had arisen a

multitude of new domes, towers, and spires which bore the mark of the fertile genius of Wren. In every place, save one, the traces of the great devastation had been completely effaced. But the crowds of workmen, the scaffolds, and the masses of hewn stone were still to be seen where the noblest of Protestant temples was slowly rising on the ruins of the old Cathedral of St. Paul."

THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY

LORD MACAULAY

ALL was now ready for action. Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honour of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valour and

discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night, the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies

A Greek poet . . . the furies. We read in the Greek plays of the dreadful furies whose heads writhed with serpents and who were, among other things, the avenging spirits of the dead.

of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the Thirty-Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colours, amidst many honourable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis*.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few fieldpieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall

back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

Meer Jaffier had given no assistance to the English during the action. But, as soon as he saw that the fate of the day was decided, he drew off his division of the army, and, when the battle was over, sent his congratulations to his ally. The next morning he repaired to the English quarters, not a little uneasy as to the reception which awaited him there. He gave evident signs of alarm when a guard was drawn out to receive him with the honours due to his rank. But his apprehensions were speedily removed. Clive came forward to meet him, embraced him, saluted him as Nabob of the three great provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, listened graciously to his apologies, and advised him to march without delay to Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah had fled from the field of battle with all the speed with which a fleet camel could carry him, and arrived at Moorshedabad in little more than twenty-four hours. There he called his councillors round him. The wisest advised him to put himself into the hands of the English, from whom he had nothing worse to fear than deposition and confinement. But he attributed this suggestion to treachery. Others

urged him to try the chance of war again. He approved the advice, and issued orders accordingly. But he wanted spirit to adhere even during one day to a manly resolution. He learned that Meer Jaffier had arrived, and his terrors became insupportable. Disguised in a mean dress, with a casket of jewels in his hand, he let himself down at night from a window of his palace, and accompanied by only two attendants, embarked on the river for Patna.

THE BOW OF A BOAT

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900)

[Ruskin was an art critic who tried to make his ideas about art plain to ordinary people, and to apply them to the conduct of life, so that he was also a moralist, some would say a preacher. He felt intensely, and his writings reflected his feelings, which often carried him away so that he occasionally appears to be incoherent, and to pile up words and phrases for the sake of their lovely sounds. His *Modern Painters* is largely an exposition of Turner's art. The *Stones of Venice* and *Seven Lamps of Architecture* make stones live and speak with tongues.]

OF all things, living or lifeless, upon this strange earth, there is but one which, having reached the mid-term of appointed human endurance on it, I still regard with unmitigated amazement. I know, indeed, that all round me is wonderful—but I cannot answer it with wonder: a dark veil, with the foolish words, NATURE OF THINGS, upon it, casts its deadening folds between me and their dazzling strangeness. Flowers open, and stars rise, and it seems to me they could have done no less. The mystery of distant mountain-blue only makes me reflect that the earth is of necessity mountainous;—the sea-wave breaks at my feet, and I do not see how it should have remained

unbroken. But one object there is still, which I never pass without the renewed wonder of childhood, and that is the bow of a boat. Not of a racing-wherry, or revenue cutter, or clipper yacht; but the blunt head of a common, bluff, undecked sea-boat, lying aside in its furrow of beach sand. The sum of Navigation is in that. You may magnify it, or decorate it as you will: you do not add to the wonder of it. Lengthen it into hatchet-like edge of iron,—strengthen it with complex tracery of ribs of oak,—carve it and gild it till a column of light moves beneath it on the sea,—you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of bent plank, that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. Beyond this, we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle.

For there is, first, an infinite strangeness in the perfection of the thing, as work of human hands. I know nothing else that man does, which is perfect, but that. All his other doings have some sign of weakness, affectation, or weak ignorance in them. They are overfinished or underfinished; they do not answer their end, or they show a mean vanity in answering it too well.

But the boat's bow is naïvely perfect: complete without an effort. The man who made it knew not he was making anything beautiful, as he bent its planks into those mysterious, ever-changing curves. It grows under his hands into the image of a sea-shell; the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamped on its delicate rounding. He leaves it when all is done, without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water. And every plank thenceforward is a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their deaths in its plumes.

Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the great-

ness of the thing accomplished. No other work of human hands ever gained so much. Steam-engines and telegraphs indeed help us to fetch and carry, and talk; they lift weights for us, and bring messages, with less trouble than would have been needed otherwise; this saving of trouble, however, does not constitute a new faculty, it only enhances the powers we already possess. But in that bow of the boat is the gift of another world. Without it, what prison wall would be so strong as that "white and wailing fringe" of sea? What maimed creatures were we all, chained to our rocks, Andromeda-like, or wandering by the endless shores, wasting our incommunicable strength, and pining in hopeless watch of unconquerable waves! The nails that fasten together the planks of the boat's bow are the rivets of the fellowship of the world. Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven, it leads love round the earth.

Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the enemy it does battle with. To lift dead weight; to overcome length of languid space; to multiply or systematize a given force; this we may see done by the bar, or beam, or wheel, without wonder. But to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean,—the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on, endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help,—and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them;—does any other soulless thing do as much as this?

ON HIS OWN STYLE OF WRITING

JOHN RUSKIN

Now the intense fault of all my early writing is that you know in a moment it is my writing; it has always the taste of me in it. But that is the weakness of me, or the insincerity. As I advance in life, and get more steady and more true, you don't see the manner so distinctly, but you will see the matter far more.

Now I will read you two very short but quite characteristic passages,* fifteen years apart, for the one of which, at the time, I was much applauded; the second, nobody, that I ever heard of yet, cares about:

"He who has once stood beside the grave to look upon the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust."

Now, that is a true saying, and in the measure of me at that day a sincere one. But with my present knowledge of literature I could tell in an instant that the person who wrote that *never had so stood beside the dead.* I could be perfectly sure of it, for two reasons —the first, that there was in the passage feeling, and the melody that comes of feeling, enough to show that the writer was capable of deep passion; and the second, that being so capable, if he had ever stood beside his dead before it was buried out of his sight, he would never, in speaking of the time, have studied how

* The first passage is from *Modern Painters*, Vol. I., the second from *Unto this Last*.

to put three d's one after another in debt, discharged, and dust.

Next, I will read you the passage no one has cared about, but which one day many will assuredly come to read with care, the last paragraph, namely, of that central book of my life:

"And if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our side the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all, and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly: face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, and Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be 'Unto this last as unto thee' and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest."

Now, first, that passage is better than the other because there's not any art of an impudently visible kind, and not a word which, as far as I know, you could put another for, without loss to the sense. It is true that *plea* and *pity* both begin with *p*, but *plea* is the right word, and there is no other which is in full and clear opposition to *claim*.

But there is still affectation in the passage—the affectation of conciseness. Were I writing it now I

should throw it looser, and explain here and there, getting intelligibility at the cost of concentration. Thus when I say—

"Luxury is possible in the future—innocent and exquisite—luxury for all and by the help of all—",

that's a remains of my old bad trick of putting my words in braces, like game, neck to neck, and leaving the reader to untie them. Hear how I should put the same sentence now:

"Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent, because granted to the need of all; and exquisite, because perfected by the aid of all."

You see it has gained a little in melody in being put right, and gained a great deal in clearness.

Then another and worse flaw in this passage is that there is a moment's incontinence in it—loss of self-command, and with that, of truth. "The cruellest man living could not sit at his feast, unless he sat blindfold." That is not true. There are persons cruel enough to eat their dinners whatever they see, but not many. . . .

But putting by these remains of the errors of my old manner, this writing of my central life is in all serious ways as good as I can do, and it contained at once the substance of all that I have had since to say. And it is good chiefly in this, that being most earnest in itself, it will teach you to recognize with greater clearness the truth of noble words.

ÆS TRIPLEX

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850–94)

[We are usually introduced to Stevenson by means of his *Treasure Island, Kidnapped, Black Arrow, Master of*

Ballantrae, etc., and our admiration of his character drawing and vigorous enthralling story-telling blinds us to his qualities as a careful writer of prose. He confessed that he had "played the sedulous ape" to the great writers of past ages, but he stamped his own individuality upon his writing. His carefully moulded sentences, deeply considered and meticulously finished, are best seen in his shorter essays, of which the following is an example.]

THE changes wrought by death are in themselves so sharp and final, and so terrible and melancholy in their consequences, that the thing stands alone in man's experience, and has no parallel upon earth. It outdoes all other accidents because it is the last of them. Sometimes it leaps suddenly upon its victims, like a Thug; sometimes it lays a regular siege and creeps upon their citadel during a score of years. And when the business is done, there is sore havoc made in other people's lives, and a pin knocked out by which many subsidiary friendships hung together. There are empty chairs, solitary walks, and single beds at night. Again, in taking away our friends, death does not take them away utterly, but leaves behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed. Hence a whole chapter of sights and customs striking to the mind, from the pyramids of Egypt to the gibbets and dule-trees of mediæval Europe. The poorest persons have a bit of pageant going towards the tomb; memorial stones are set up over the least memorable; and, in order to preserve some show of respect for what remains of our old loves and friendships, we must accompany it with much grimly ludicrous ceremonial, and the hired undertaker parades before the door. All this, and much more of the same sort, accompanied by the eloquence of poets, has gone a great way to put humanity in error; nay, in many philosophies the error has been embodied and laid down with every circumstance of logic; although

in real life the bustle and swiftness, in leaving people little time to think, have not left them time enough to go dangerously wrong in practice.

As a matter of fact, although few things are spoken of with more fearful whisperings than this prospect of death, few have less influence on conduct under healthy circumstances. We have all heard of cities in South America built upon the side of fiery mountains, and how, even in this tremendous neighbourhood, the inhabitants are not a jot more impressed by the solemnity of mortal conditions than if they were delving gardens in the greenest corner of England. There are serenades and suppers and much gallantry among the myrtles overhead; and meanwhile the foundation shudders underfoot, the bowels of the mountain growl, and at any moment living ruin may leap sky-high into the moonlight, and tumble man and his merry-making in the dust. In the eyes of very young people, and very dull old ones, there is something indescribably reckless and desperate in such a picture. It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain; ordinary life begins to smell of high-handed debauch when it is carried on so close to a catastrophe; and even cheese and salad, it seems, could hardly be relished in such circumstances without something like a defiance of the Creator. It should be a place for nobody but hermits dwelling in prayer and maceration, or mere born-devils drowning care in a perpetual carouse.

And yet, when one comes to think upon it calmly, the situation of these South American citizens forms only a very pale figure for the state of ordinary mankind. This world itself, travelling blindly and swiftly in overcrowded space, among a million other worlds travelling blindly and swiftly in contrary directions, may very well come by a knock that would set it into explosion like a penny squib. And what, pathologic-

ally looked at, is the human body with all its organs, but a mere bagful of petards? The least of these is as dangerous to the whole economy as the ship's powder-magazine to the ship; and with every breath we breathe, and every meal we eat, we are putting one or more of them in peril. If we clung as devotedly as some philosophers pretend we do to the abstract idea of life, or were half as frightened as they make out we are, for the subversive accident that ends it all, the trumpets might sound by the hour and no one would follow them into battle—the blue peter might fly at the truck, but who would climb into a sea-going ship? Think (if these philosophers were right) with what a preparation of spirit we should affront the daily peril of the dinner-table: a deadlier spot than any battlefield in history, where the far greater proportion of our ancestors have miserably left their bones! What woman would ever be lured into marriage, so much more dangerous than the wildest sea? And what would it be to grow old? For, after a certain distance, every step we take in life we find the ice growing thinner below our feet, and all around us and behind us we see our contemporaries going through. By the time a man gets well into the seventies, his continued existence is a mere miracle; and when he lays his old bones in bed for the night, there is an overwhelming probability that he will never see the day. Do the old men mind it, as a matter of fact? Why, no. They were never merrier; they have their grog at night, and tell the raciest stories; they hear of the death of people about their own age, or even younger, not as if it was a grisly warning, but with a simple childlike pleasure at having outlived some one else; and when a draught might puff them out like a guttering candle, or a bit of a stumble shatter them like so much glass, their old hearts keep sound and unaffrighted, and they go on bubbling with laughter, through years of man's age compared to which the valley at Balaclava was as safe

and peaceful as a village cricket-green on Sunday. It may fairly be questioned (if we look to the peril only) whether it was a much more daring feat for Curtius to plunge into the gulf, than for any old gentleman of ninety to doff his clothes and clamber into bed.

Indeed, it is a memorable subject for consideration, with what unconcern and gaiety mankind pricks on along the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The whole way is one wilderness of snares, and the end of it, for those who fear the last pinch, is irrevocable ruin. And yet we go spinning through it all, like a party for the Derby. Perhaps the reader remembers one of the humorous devices of the deified Caligula: how he encouraged a vast concourse of holiday-makers on to his bridge over Baiæ bay; and when they were in the height of their enjoyment, turned loose the Prætorian guards among the company, and had them tossed into the sea. This is no bad miniature of the dealings of nature with the transitory race of man. Only, what a chequered picnic we have of it, even while it lasts! and into what great waters, not to be crossed by any swimmer, God's pale Prætorian throws us over in the end!

We live the time that a match flickers; we pop the cork of a ginger-beer bottle, and the earthquake swallows us on the instant. Is it not odd, is it not incongruous, is it not, in the highest sense of human speech, incredible, that we should think so highly of the ginger-beer, and regard so little the devouring earthquake? The love of Life and the fear of Death are two famous phrases that grow harder to understand the more we think about them. It is a well-known fact that an immense proportion of boat accidents would never happen if people held the sheet in their hands instead of making it fast; and yet, unless it be some martinet of a professional mariner or some landsman with shattered nerves, every one of God's creatures makes it fast. A strange instance of

man's unconcern and brazen boldness in the face of death!

We confound ourselves with metaphysical phrases which we import into daily talk with noble inappropriateness. We have no idea of what death is, apart from its circumstances and some of its consequences to others; and although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word *life*. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bald heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject: that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation. Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club, or even an undertaker's man; but not certainly of abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking; we may argue in terms of all the philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly preoccupied about its conservation; that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence; no man's eyes are

fixed entirely on the passing hour; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interests of his constitution.

There is a great deal of very vile nonsense talked upon both sides of the matter: tearing divines reducing life to the dimensions of a mere funeral procession, so short as to be hardly decent; and melancholy unbelievers yearning for the tomb as if it were a world too far away. Both sides must feel a little ashamed of their performances now and again when they draw in their chairs to dinner. Indeed, a good meal and a bottle of wine is an answer to most standard works upon the question. When a man's heart warms to his viands, he forgets a great deal of sophistry, and soars into a rosy zone of contemplation. Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue; we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock. Passing bells are ringing all the world over. All the world over, and every hour, some one is parting company with all his aches and ecstasies. For us also the trap is laid. But we are so fond of life that we have no leisure to entertain the terror of death. It is a honeymoon with us all through, and none of the longest. Small blame to us if we give our whole hearts to this glowing bride of ours, to the appetites, to honour, to the hungry curiosity of the mind, to the

pleasure of the eyes in nature, and the pride of our own nimble bodies.

We all of us appreciate the sensations; but as for caring about the Permanence of the Possibility, a man's head is generally very bald, and his senses very dull, before he comes to that. Whether we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall—a mere bag's end, as the French say—or whether we think of it as a vestibule, or gymnasium, where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny; whether we thunder in a pulpit, or pule in little atheistic poetry-books, about its vanity and brevity; whether we look justly for years of health and vigour, or are about to mount into a bath-chair, as a step towards the hearse; in each and all of these views and situations there is but one conclusion possible: that a man should stop his ears against paralysing terror, and run the race that is set before him with a single mind. No one surely could have recoiled with more heartache and terror from the thought of death than our respected lexicographer; and yet we know how little it affected his conduct, how wisely and boldly he walked, and in what a fresh and lively vein he spoke of life. Already an old man, he ventured on his Highland tour; and his heart, bound with triple brass, did not recoil before twenty-seven individual cups of tea. As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life, and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact. A frank and somewhat headlong carriage, not looking too anxiously before, not dallying in maudlin regret over the past, stamps the man who is well armoured for this world.

And not only well armoured for himself, but a good friend and a good citizen to boot. We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own car-

cass, has most time to consider others. That eminent chemist who took his walks abroad in tin shoes, and subsisted wholly upon tepid milk, had all his work cut out for him in considerable dealings with his own digestion. So soon as prudence has begun to grow up in the brain, like a dismal fungus, it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victim begins to shrink spiritually; he develops a fancy for parlours with a regulated temperature, and takes his morality on the principle of tin shoes and tepid milk. The care of one important body or soul becomes so engrossing, that all the noises of the outer world begin to come thin and faint into the parlour with the regulated temperature; and the tin shoes go equably forward over blood and rain. To be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing stockstill. Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast, and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. Lord look after his health, Lord have a care for his soul, says he; and he has at the key of the position, and swashes through incongruity and peril towards his aim. Death is on all sides of him with pointed batteries, as he is on all sides of all of us; unfortunate surprises gird him round; mimouthed friends and relations hold up their hands in quite a little elegiacal synod about his path: and what cares he for all this? Being a true lover of living, a fellow with something pushing and spontaneous in his inside, he must, like any other soldier, in any other stirring, deadly warfare, push on at his best pace until he touch the goal. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" cried Nelson in his bright, boyish, heroic manner. These are great incentives; not for any of

these, but for the plain satisfaction of living, of being about their business in some sort or other, do the brave, serviceable men of every nation tread down the nettle danger, and pass flyingly over all the stumbling-blocks of prudence. Think of the heroism of Johnson, think of that superb indifference to mortal limitation that set him upon his dictionary, and carried him through triumphantly until the end! Who, if he were wisely considerate of things at large, would ever embark upon any work much more considerable than a halfpenny post-card? Who would project a serial novel, after Thackeray and Dickens had each fallen in mid-course? Who would find heart enough to begin to live, if he dallied with the consideration of death?

And, after all, what sorry and pitiful quibbling all this is! To forgo all the issues of living in a parlour with a regulated temperature—as if that were not to die a hundred times over, and for ten years at a stretch! As if it were not to die in one's own lifetime, and without even the sad immunities of death! As if it were not to die, and yet be the patient spectators of our own pitiable change! The Permanent Possibility is preserved, but the sensations carefully held at arm's length, as if one kept a photographic plate in a dark chamber. It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with it than to die daily in the sick-room. By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week. It is not only in finished undertakings that we ought to honour useful labour. A spirit goes out of the man who means execution, which outlives the most untimely ending. All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has

left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and in mid-career, laying out vast projects, and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced: is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

A BOY'S EDUCATION

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828–1909)

[George Meredith used the novel to unfold a philosophy of life which he conceived to be a tragi-comedy; though this does not mean that he wrote "novels with a purpose," for he could tell a story with the best. His books are difficult for the average reader, for his style is full of epigram, ellipsis, metaphor, and symbolism, and his meaning must often be dug out as a miner hews gold from the rock—with an equal reward. He is simplest and most direct in *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* and *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, and most condensed in *The Egoist*.]

THAT night stands up without any clear traces about it or near it, like the brazen castle of romance round which the sea-tide flows. My father must have borne me miles along the road; he must have procured food for me; I have an idea of feeling a damp forehead and drinking new milk, and by-and-by hearing a roar of voices on vehicles, and seeing a dog that went alone through crowded streets without a master, doing as he pleased, and stopping every other dog he met. He took his turning, and my father and I took ours. We were in a house that, to my senses, had the smell of dark corners, in a street where all the house-doors were painted black, and shut with a bang. Italian organ-men and milk-men paraded the street regularly, and made it sound hollow to their music. Milk, and no cows anywhere; numbers of people, and no acquaintances among them;—my thoughts were occupied by the singularity of such things.

My father could soon make me forget that I was transplanted; he could act dog, tame rabbit, fox, pony, and a whole nursery collection alive, but he was sometimes absent for days, and I was not of a temper to be on friendly terms with those who were unable to captivate my imagination as he had done. When he was at home I rode him all round the room and upstairs to bed, I lashed him with a whip till he frightened me, so real was his barking; if I said 'Menagerie' he became a caravan of wild beasts; I undid a button of his waistcoat, and it was a lion that made a spring, roaring at me; I pulled his coat-tails, and off I went tugging at an old bear that swung a hind leg as he turned, in the queerest way, and then sat up and beating his breast sent out a mew-moan. Our room was richer to me than all the Grange while these performances were going forward. His monkey was almost as wonderful as his bear, only he was too big for it, and was obliged to aim at reality in his representation of this animal by means of a number of breakages; a

defect that brought our landlady on the scene. The enchantment of my father's companionship caused me to suffer proportionately in his absence. During that period of solitude, my nursemaid had to order me to play, and I would stumble about and squat in the middle of the floor, struck suddenly by the marvel of the difference between my present and my other home. My father entered into arrangements with a Punch and Judy man for him to pay me regular morning visits opposite our window; yet here again his genius defeated his kind intentions; for happening once to stand by my side during the progress of the show, he made it so vivid to me by what he said and did, that I saw no fun in it without him: I used to dread the heralding crow of Punch if he was away, and cared no longer for wooden heads being knocked ever so hard.

On Sundays we walked to the cathedral, and this was a day with a delight of its own for me. He was never away on the Sunday. Both of us attired in our best, we walked along the streets hand in hand; my father led me before the cathedral monuments, talking in a low tone of British victories, and commending the heroes to my undivided attention. I understood very early that it was my duty to imitate them. While we remained in the cathedral he talked of glory and Old England, and dropped his voice in the middle of a murmured chant to introduce Nelson's name or some other great man's: and this recurred regularly. "What are we for now?" he would ask me as we left our house. I had to decide whether we took a hero or an author, which I soon learnt to do with capricious resolution. We were one Sunday for Shakespeare; another for Nelson or Pitt. "Nelson, papa," was my most frequent rejoinder, and he never dissented, but turned his steps toward Nelson's cathedral dome, and uncovered his head there, and said: "Nelson, then, to-day"; and we went straight to his monument to perform the act of homage. I chose Nelson in prefer-

ence to the others because near bed-time in the evening my father told me stories of our hero of the day, and neither Pitt nor Shakespeare lost an eye, or an arm, or fought with a huge white bear on the ice to make himself interesting. I named them occasionally out of compassion, and to please my father, who said that they ought to have a turn. They were, he told me, in the habit of paying him a visit, whenever I had particularly neglected them, to learn the grounds for my disregard of their claims, and they urged him to intercede with me, and imparted many of their unpublished adventures, so that I should be tempted to give them a chance on the following Sunday.

"Great Will," my father called Shakespeare, and "Slender Billy," Pitt. The scene where Great Will killed the deer, dragging Falstaff all over the park after it by the light of Bardolph's nose, upon which they put an extinguisher if they heard any of the keepers, and so left everybody groping about and catching the wrong person, was the most wonderful mixture of fun and tears. Great Will was extremely youthful, but everybody in the park called him, "Father William"; and when he wanted to know which way the deer had gone, King Lear (or else my memory deceives me) punned, and Lady Macbeth waved a handkerchief for it to be steeped in the blood of the deer; Shylock ordered one pound of the carcass; Hamlet (the fact was impressed on me) offered him a three-legged stool; and a number of kings and knights and ladies lit their torches from Bardolph; and away they flew, distracting the keepers and leaving Will and his troop to the deer. That poor thing died from a different weapon at each recital, though always with a flow of blood and a successful dash of his antlers into Falstaff; and to hear Falstaff bellow! But it was mournful to hear how sorry Great Will was over the animal he had slain. He spoke like music. I found it pathetic in spite of my knowing that the whole scene was lighted up by Bardolph's

nose. When I was just bursting out crying—for the deer's tongue was lolling out and quick pantings were at his side; he had little ones at home—Great Will remembered his engagement to sell Shylock a pound of the carcass; determined that no Jew should eat of it, he bethought him that Falstaff could well spare a pound, and he said the Jew would not see the difference: Falstaff only got off by hard running and roaring out that he knew his unclean life would make him taste like pork and thus let the Jew into the trick.

My father related all this with such a veritable matter-of-fact air, and such liveliness—he sounded the chase and its cries, and showed King Lear tottering, and Hamlet standing dark, and the vast substance of Falstaff—that I followed the incidents excitedly, and really saw them, which was better than understanding them. I required some help from him to see that Hamlet's offer of a three-legged stool at a feverish moment of the chase was laughable. He taught me what to think of it by pitching Great Will's voice high, and Hamlet's very low. By degrees I got some unconscious knowledge of the characters of Shakespeare.

There never was so fascinating a father as mine for a boy anything under eight or ten years old. He could guess on Saturday whether I should name William Pitt on the Sunday; for, on those occasions, "Slender Billy," as I hope I am not irreverent in calling him, made up for the dulness of his high career with a raspberry-jam tart, for which, my father told me solemnly, the illustrious Minister had in his day a passion. If I named him, my father would say, "W. P., otherwise S. B., was born in the year so-and-so; now," and he went to the cupboard, "in the name of Politics, take this and meditate upon him." The shops being all shut on Sunday, he certainly bought it, anticipating me unerringly, on the Saturday, and, as soon as the

tart appeared, we both shouted. I fancy I remember his repeating a couplet,

"Billy Pitt took a cake and a raspberry jam,
When he heard they had taken Seringapatam."

At any rate, the rumour of his having done so, at periods of strong excitement, led to the inexplicable display of foresight on my father's part.

My meditations upon Pitt were, under this influence, favourable to the post of a Prime Minister, but it was merely appetite that induced me to choose him; I never could imagine a grandeur in his office, notwithstanding my father's eloquent talk of ruling a realm, shepherding a people, hurling British thunderbolts. The day's discipline was, that its selected hero should reign the undisputed monarch of it, so when I was for Pitt, I had my tart as he used to have it, and no story, for he had none, and I think my idea of the ruler of a realm presented him to me as a sort of shadow about a pastrycook's shop. But I surprised people by speaking of him. I made remarks to our landlady which caused her to throw up her hands and exclaim that I was astonishing. She would always add a mysterious word or two in the hearing of my nursemaid or any friend of hers who looked into my room to see me. After my father had got me forward with instructions on the piano, and exercises in early English history and the book of the Peerage, I became the wonder of the house. I was put up on a stool to play "In my Cottage near a Wood," or "Cherry Ripe," and then, to show the range of my accomplishments, I was asked, "And who married the Dowager Duchess of Dewlap?" and I answered, "John Gregg Wetherall, Esquire, and disgraced the family." Then they asked me how I accounted for her behaviour. "It was because the Duke married a dairymaid," I replied, always tossing up my chin at that. My father had concocted the

questions and prepared me for the responses, but the effect was striking, both upon his visitors and the landlady's.

A gentleman of his acquaintance called on him one evening to take him out for a walk. My father happened to be playing with me when this gentleman entered our room: and he jumped up from his hands and knees, and abused him for intruding on his privacy, but afterwards he introduced him to me as Shylock's great-great-great-grandson, and said that Shylock was satisfied with a pound, and his descendant wanted two hundred pounds, or else all his body: and this, he said, came of the emigration of the family from Venice to England. My father only seemed angry, for he went off with Shylock's very great grandson arm-in-arm, exclaiming, "To the Rialto!" When I told Mrs. Waddy about the visitor, she said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! then I'm afraid your sweet papa won't return very soon, my pretty pet." We waited a number of days, until Mrs. Waddy received a letter from him. She came full-dressed into my room, requesting me to give her twenty kisses for papa, and I looked on while she arranged her blue bonnet at the glass. The bonnet would not fix in its place. At last she sank down crying in a chair, and was all brown silk, and said that how to appear before a parcel of dreadful men, and perhaps a live duke into the bargain, was more than she knew, and more than could be expected of a lone widow woman. "Not for worlds!" she answered my petition to accompany her. She would not, she said, have me go to my papa *there* for anything on earth; my papa would perish at the sight of me; I was not even to wish to go. And then she exclaimed, "Oh, the blessed child's poor papa!" and that people were cruel to him, and would never take into account his lovely temper, and that everybody was his enemy, when he ought to be sitting with the highest in the land. I had realized the extremity of my forlorn state on a Sunday

that passed empty of my father, which felt like his having gone for ever. My nursemaid came in to assist in settling Mrs. Waddy's bonnet above the six crisp curls, and while they were about it I sat quiet, plucking now and then at the brown silk, partly to beg to go with it, partly in jealousy and love at the thought of its seeing him from whom I was so awfully separated. Mrs. Waddy took fresh kisses off my lips, assuring me that my father would have them in twenty minutes, and I was to sit and count the time. My nursemaid let her out. I pretended to be absorbed in counting, till I saw Mrs. Waddy pass by the window. My heart gave a leap of pain. I found the street-door open and no one in the passage, and I ran out, thinking that Mrs. Waddy would be obliged to take me if she discovered me by her side in the street.

THE ASSEMBLED CHOIR

THOMAS HARDY (1840–1928)

[Hardy's novels dealt, for the most part, with what is known as Wessex—that is, the country round about Dorchester—and in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Far from the Madding Crowd, The Return of the Native, The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and other stories he tells the simple truth about the lives of ordinary people in the district he has made famous. He also wrote a long poem of Napoleonic times called *The Dynasts*, and a large number of shorter poems. The following chapter is taken from his first story of importance, entitled *Under the Greenwood Tree*.]

WILLIAM DEWY—otherwise grandfather William—was now about seventy; yet an ardent vitality still preserved a warm and roughened bloom upon his face, which reminded gardeners of the sunny side of a ripe ribstone-pippin; though a narrow strip of forehead, that was protected from the weather by lying above

the line of his hat-brim, seemed to belong to some town man, so gentlemanly was its whiteness. His was a humorous and gentle nature, not unmixed with a frequent melancholy; and he had a firm religious faith. But to his neighbours he had no character in particular. If they saw him pass by their windows when they had been bottling off old mead, or when they had just been called long-headed men who might do anything in the world if they chose, they thought concerning him, "Ah, there's that good-hearted man —open as a child!" If they saw him just after losing a shilling or half-a-crown, or accidentally letting fall a piece of crockery, they thought, "There's that poor weak-minded man Dewy again! Ah, he'll never do much in the world either!" If he passed when fortune neither smiled nor frowned on them, they merely thought him old William Dewy.

"Ah, so's—here you be!—Ah, Michael and Joseph and John—and you too, Leaf! a merry Christmas all! We shall have a rare log-wood fire directly, Reub, if it d'go by the toughness of the job I had in cleaving 'em." As he spoke he threw down an armful of logs, which fell in the chimney-corner with a rumble, and looked at them with something of the admiring enmity he would have bestowed on living people who had been very obstinate in holding their own. "Come in, grandfather James."

Old James (grandfather on the maternal side) had simply called as a visitor. He lived in a cottage by himself, and many people considered him a miser: some, rather slovenly in his habits. He now came forward from behind grandfather William, and his stooping figure formed a well-illuminated picture as he passed towards the fire-place. Being by trade a mason, he wore a long linen apron reaching almost to his toes, corduroy breeches and gaiters, which, together with his boots, graduated in tints of whitish-brown by constant friction against lime and stone.

He also wore a very stiff fustian coat, having folds at the elbows and shoulders as unvarying in their arrangement as those in a pair of bellows: the ridges and the projecting parts of the coat collectively exhibiting a shade different from that of the hollows, which were lined with small ditch-like accumulations of stone and mortar-dust. The extremely large side-pockets, sheltered beneath wide flaps, bulged out convexly whether empty or full; and as he was often engaged to work at buildings far away—his breakfasts and dinners being eaten in a strange chimney-corner, by a garden wall, on a heap of stones, or walking along the road—he carried in these pockets a small tin canister of butter, a small canister of sugar, a small canister of tea, a paper of salt, and a paper of pepper; the bread, cheese, and meat, forming the substance of his meals, hanging up behind him in his basket among the hammers and chisels. If a passer-by looked hard at him when he was drawing forth any of these,—"My larders," he said, with a pinched smile.

"Better try over number seventy-eight before we start, I suppose?" said William, pointing to a heap of old Christmas-carol books on a side table.

"Wi' all my heart," said the choir generally.

"Number seventy-eight was always a teaser—always. I can mind him ever since I was growing up a hard boy-chap."

"But he's a good tune, and worth a mint o' practice," said Michael.

"He is; though I've been mad enough wi' that tune at times to seize en and tear en all to linnet. Ay, he's a splendid carrel—there's no denying that."

"The first line is well enough," said Mr. Spinks; "but when you come to 'O, thou man,' you make a mess o't."

"We'll have another go into en, and see what we can make of the martel. Half an hour's hammering at en will conquer the toughness of en; I'll warn it."

"'Od rabbit it all!" said Mr. Penny, interrupting with a flash of his spectacles, and at the same time clawing at something in the depths of a large side-pocket. "If so be I hadn't been as scatter-brained and thirtingill as a chiel, I should have called at the schoolhouse wi' a boot as I cam up-along. What ever is coming to me I really can't estimate at all!"

"The brain hev its weaknesses," murmured Mr. Spinks, waving his head ominously.

"Well, I must call with en the first thing to-morrow. And I'll empt my pocket o' this last too, if you don't mind, Mrs. Dewy." He drew forth a last, and placed it on a table at his elbow. The eyes of three or four followed it.

"Well," said the shoemaker, seeming to perceive that the sum-total of interest the object had excited was greater than he had anticipated, and warranted the last's being taken up again and exhibited, "now, whose foot do ye suppose this last was made for? It was made for Geoffrey Day's father, over at Yalbury Wood. Ah, many's the pair o' boots he've had off the last! Well, when 'a died, I used the last for Geoffrey, and have ever since, though a little doctoring was wanted to make it do. Yes, a very quaint humorous last it is now, 'a b'lieve," he continued, turning it over caressingly. "Now, you notice that there" (pointing to a lump of leather bradded to the toe)—"that's a very bad bunion that he've had ever since 'a was a boy. Now, this remarkable large piece" (pointing to a patch nailed to the side) "shows an accident he received by the tread of a horse, that squashed his foot a'most to a pomace. The horseshoe cam full-butt on this point, you see. And so I've just been over to Geoffrey's, to know if he wanted his bunion altered or made bigger in the new pair I'm making."

During the latter part of this speech, Mr. Penny's left hand wandered towards the cider-cup, as if the hand had no connection with the person speaking;

and bringing his sentence to an abrupt close, all but the extreme margin of the bootmaker's face was eclipsed by the circular brim of the vessel.

"However, I was going to say," continued Penny, putting down the cup, "I ought to have called at the school"—here he went groping again in the depths of his pocket—"to leave this without fail, though I suppose the first thing to-morrow will do."

He now drew forth and placed upon the table a boot—small, light, and prettily shaped—upon the heel of which he had been operating. "The new schoolmistress's!"

"Ay, no less; Miss Fancy Day: as nate a little figure of fun as ever I see, and just husband-high."

"Never Geoffrey's daughter Fancy?" said Bowman, as all glances present converged like wheel-spokes upon the boot in the centre of them.

"Yes, sure," resumed Mr. Penny, regarding the boot as if that alone were his auditor; "'tis she that's come here schoolmistress. You knowed his daughter was in training?"

"Strange, isn't it, for her to be here Christmas-night, Master Penny?"

"Yes; but here she is, 'a b'lieve."

"I know how she d'come here—so I do!" chirruped one of the children.

"Why?" Dick inquired, with subtle interest.

"Parson Maybold was afraid he couldn't manage us all to-morrow at the dinner, and he talked o' getting her jist to come over and help him hand about the plates, and see we didn't make beasts of ourselves; and that's what she's come for!"

"And that's the boot, then," continued its mender imaginatively, "that she'll walk to church in to-morrow morning. I don't care to mend boots I don't make; but there's no knowing what it may lead to, and her father always comes to me."

There, between the cider-mug and the candle, stood

this interesting receptacle of the little unknown's foot; and a very pretty boot it was. A character, in fact—the flexible bend at the instep, the rounded localities of the small nestling toes, scratches from careless stampers now forgotten—all, as repeated in the tell-tale leather, evidencing a nature and a bias. Dick surveyed it with a delicate feeling that he had no right to do so without having first asked the owner of the foot's permission.

"Now, naibours, though no common eye can see it," the shoemaker went on, "a man in the trade can see the likeness between this boot and that last, although that is so deformed as hardly to be called one of God's creatures, and this is one of as pretty a pair as you'd get for ten-and-sixpence in Casterbridge. To you, nothing; but 'tis father's foot and daughter's foot to me, as plain as houses."

"I don't doubt there's a likeness, Master Penny—a mild likeness—a far-remote likeness—still, a likeness as far as that goes," said Spinks. "But *I* haven't imagination enough to see it, perhap."

Mr. Penny adjusted his spectacles.

"Now, I'll tell you what happened to me once on this very point. You used to know Johnson the dairyman, William?"

"Ay, sure; that I did."

"Well, 'twasn't opposite his house, but a little lower down—by his pigsty, in front o' Parkmaze Pool. I was a-walking down the lane, and lo and behold, there was a man just brought out o' the Pool, dead; he had been bathing, and gone in flop over his head. Men looked at en; women looked at en; children looked at en; nobody knowed en. He was covered in a cloth; but I catched sight of his foot, just showing out as they carried en along. 'I don't care what name that man went by,' I said, in my bold way, 'but he's John Woodward's brother; I can swear to the family foot.' At that very moment, up comes John Woodward,

weeping and crying, ' I've lost my brother ! I've los my brother ! ' "

" Only to think of that ! " said Mrs. Dewy.

" 'Tis well enough to know this foot and that foot,' said Mr. Spinks. " 'Tis something, in fact, as far a that goes. I know little, 'tis true—I say no more ; bu show *me* a man's foot, and I'll tell you that man's heart."

" You must be a cleverer feller, then, than mankinc in jineral," said the tranter.

" Well, that's nothing for me to speak of," returned Mr. Spinks solemnly. " A man acquires. Maybe I've read a leaf or two in my time. I don't wish to say anything large, mind you ; but nevertheless, maybe I have."

" Yes, I know," said Michael soothingly, " and all the parish knows, that ye've read something of everything almost. Learning's a worthy thing, and ye've got it, Master Spinks."

" I make no boast, though I may have read and thought a little ; and I know—it may be from much perusing, but I make no boast—that by the time a man's head is finished, 'tis almost time for him to creep underground. I am over forty-five."

Mr. Spinks emitted a look to signify that if his head was not finished, nobody's head ever could be.

" Talk of knowing people by their feet ! " said Reuben. " Rot me, my sonnies, then, if I can tell what a man is from all his members put together, oftentimes."

" But still, look is a good deal," observed grandfather William absently, moving and balancing his head till the tip of grandfather James's nose was exactly in a right line with William's eye and the mouth of a miniature cavern he was discerning in the fire. " By the way," he continued in a fresher voice, and looking up, " that young crater, the schoolmistress, must be sung to to-night wi' the rest ? If

her ear is as fine as her face, we shall have enough to do to be up-sides with her."

"What about her face?" said young Dewy.

"Well, as to that," Mr. Spinks replied, "'tis a face you can hardly gainsay. A very good face—and a pink face, as far as that goes. Still, only a face, when all is said and done."

"Come, come, Elias Spinks, say she's a pretty maid, and have done wi' her," said the tranter, again preparing to visit the cider-barrel.

EPILOGUE

SOME WRITERS OF TO-DAY

§ 1. **More Comparison.**—Before commencing this book we dipped into a few modern works in order to gain some general idea of the kind of writing with which we are familiar to-day, and to which we turn when we wish to read for pure pleasure rather than for purposes of instruction. We are now in a position to make more close comparisons, for we have been studying the material out of which modern writing has evolved. Let us look again at a few modern books with the idea of Comparison still in our minds.

§ 2. **The New and the Old.**—In no stage in her history has our country had so many competent writers, both men and women, as she has to-day. The most prominent in the public eye are the novelists, but there are also many essayists and writers of what the French aptly call *pensées*, who are of high rank and who use our beautiful language as worthily as any of the standard writers whose work we have been sampling.

Is there a modern style of writing? There is. But it is not very easy to describe its characteristics. It is easier to say what it is *not*—that, for example, it is not, as a rule, Johnsonian or Gibbonian. To keep up our transport metaphor (see page 268, and following) we might say that it resembles a smoothly running motor car.

The modern writer, however, is in a very real sense the "heir of all the ages." He may smile at Bunyan, Addison, Johnson, Macaulay, Scott, Ruskin, and others, and steadily avoid imitating them, but he owes everything to them, and in spite of his "newer" style it was they who taught him how to write. There is no outstanding writer of our own day who has not made himself thoroughly familiar with the method of writing of his predecessors. One of them, of what we might call the day before yesterday, went still further.

"Whenever I read a book," wrote R. L. Stevenson, "or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it: and tried again and was again unsuccessful, and always unsuccessful; but at least by these vain bouts I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the co-ordination of parts."

We have already seen how Stevenson stamped his style with his own personality as every great writer must do; otherwise he would have no claim to greatness, for, to quote the French again, *Le style est l'homme*—The style is the man. Each leading modern writer has his own personal style, which is so marked that a wireless "talker" can ask his hearers to identify a number of passages from authors of to-day, no names being given, and receive by post a large number of correct replies. In spite of these personal styles, however, the leading writers have some general characteristics, some of which we might again consider.

§ 3. **Avoidance of "Fine Writing."**—The best modern writer hates the "purple patch," the inflated sentence, the obvious phrase or tag, the "eloquent" resounding period, the "sob-stuff." The deeper his

thought the simpler his method of giving it expression. Here, for example, is John Galsworthy, in his novel *Swan Song*, describing the thoughts of a young Englishman who has been living abroad and has returned to England during the General Strike of 1926:

"Up in his room again the house began to be haunted. Into it seemed to troop all his memories—old trees of his boyhood, his father's cigars, his mother's flowers and music; the nursery of his games with its windows looking out over the clock tower above the stables, the room where latterly he had struggled with rhyme. In through his open bedroom window came the sweet-scented air—England's self—from the loom of the Downs in the moon-scattered dusk, this first night of home for more than two thousand nights. . . . An owl hooted. What a shadow that barn cast! How soft and old its angle!"

Here we have the modern restraint which intensifies the feeling. An earlier writer would not have mentioned those cigars.

§ 4. **Buttonholing the Reader.**—The "standard" essay of Addison, Johnson, and of many of the Victorians was, as it were, dressed in a top-hat, a frock coat, and spats, and walked very decorously as if weighty with thought. The modern essay wears a soft hat and collar, has its hands in its pockets, and seems to carry a very light burden. It is conversational, buttonholing the reader and conversing with rather than laying down the law to him. It is true that Goldsmith and Lamb were the "inventors" of the manner, but, for all their lightness, they assumed that their readers were well-read, if not learned, which the modern writer does not. Note, for example, the conversational intimacy of the following:

"During a part of the year London does not see the clouds. Not to see the clear sky might seem her chief loss, but that is shared by the rest of England, and is,

besides, but a slight privation. Not to see the clear sky is, elsewhere, to see the cloud. But not so in London. You may go for a week or two at a time, even though you hold your head up as you walk, and even though you have windows that really open, and yet you shall see no cloud, or but a single edge, the fragment of a form." ALICE MEYNELL, *Clouds.*

" It is impossible to take a walk in the country with an average townsman—especially, perhaps, in April or May—without being amazed at the vast continent of his ignorance. It is impossible to take a walk in the country oneself without being amazed at the vast continent of one's own ignorance. Thousands of men and women live and die without knowing the difference between a beech and an elm, between the song of a thrush and the song of a blackbird. Probably in a modern city the man who can distinguish between a thrush's and a blackbird's song is the exception. It is not that we have not seen the birds. It is simply that we have not noticed them. We have been surrounded by birds all our lives, yet so feeble is our observation that many of us could not tell whether or not the chaffinch sings, or the colour of the cuckoo."

ROBERT LYND, *The Pleasures of Ignorance.*

§ 5. **Description—with a Difference.**—The modern writer knows that the ordinary modern reader is impatient of the long wordy descriptions in which some earlier readers delighted. He therefore studies to convey a great deal of " back scene " in a few carefully chosen words, and he rarely describes scenery without introducing the human element, which always arouses immediate interest ; or he works in the description with the narrative. Consider the following :

" Greencannon thrusts its small orchards and flower gardens into the river a mile from Thorpe-Michael, and

flowers hang over its river barriers to meet the dim seaweeds that mark high tide beneath. Landward climb the wooded hills, and Mr. Dashper's abode admitted the approach of no wheeled vehicle. Only a steep Devon lane—the home of ferns and bluebells, primroses and wild strawberries, descended here to the tiny hamlet over which the fruit-grower reigned in patriarchal fashion. Amid his cherry-trees, apple-trees, gooseberries and raspberries, he resided, coming and going, as a rule, by the little steam-boat that thrust her nose into Greencannon when the tide allowed. Then as he reclined on deck, like some Viking of old, Theodore Dashper would stroke his beard, survey the unfolding scene as he was conveyed to Dartmouth, or Totnes, and improve the hour for such as might be within reach of his conversation."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS, *The Ring Fence.*

"Nan, with only the faintest, if any, application of brakes, would commit herself to lanes which leaped precipitously downwards like mountain streams, zig-zagging like a dog-tooth's pattern, shingled with loose stones, whose unseen end might be a village round some sharp turn, or a cove by the sea, or a field path running to a farm, or merely the foot of one hill and the beginning of the steep pull up the next. Coast roads in Cornwall are like that—often uncertain in their ultimate goal—for map-makers, like bicyclists, are apt to get tired of them, and tiring, so to speak, in mid-air leaving them suspended, like snapped ends of string. But however uncertain their goal may be, their form is not uncertain at all; it can be relied on to be that of a snake in agony leaping down a hill or up; or, if one prefers it, that of a corkscrew plunging downwards into a cork." ROSE MACAULAY, *Dangerous Ages.*

§ 6. **"The Harvest of a Quiet Eve."**—The best modern writers have a remarkable power of interesting

their readers in the so-called small things of life and the doings of ordinary people. Jane Austen had this power, but her people were of good social standing. Dickens had it to a marked degree, but he relied upon high colouring, excitement, more or less obvious humour, and to some extent upon exaggeration, especially of pathos. But Arnold Bennett in *The Old Wives' Tale* interests us intensely in the ordinary life of a provincial town and a family of drapers, while H. G. Wells weaves one of his best stories, *Christina Alberta's Father*, round the outwardly obscure life of a little laundryman. The secret of this power lies in the ability to show that there is delicate comedy, occasional farce, and deep-seated tragedy in the lives of even the most ordinary, and that their most commonplace activities may be full of significance. Here is an extract from Arnold Bennett:

"The two girls came up the unlighted stone staircase which led from Maggie's cave to the door of the parlour. Sophia foremost, was carrying a large tray, and Constance a small one. Constance, who had nothing on her tray but a teapot, a bowl of steaming and balmy-scented mussels and cockles and a plate of hot buttered toast, went directly into the parlour on the left. Sophia had in her arms the entire material and apparatus of a high tea for two, including eggs, jam, and toast (covered with the slop-basin turned upside-down), but not including mussels and cockles. She turned to the right, passed along the corridor by the cutting-out room, up two steps into the sheeted and shuttered gloom of the closed shop, up the showroom stairs, through the showroom, and so into the bedroom corridor. Experience had proved it easier to make this long detour than to round the difficult corner of the parlour stairs with a large loaded tray."

ARNOLD BENNETT, *The Old Wives' Tale.*

It seems at first a " chronicle of small beer," but we cannot help feeling glad that the toast was being kept hot by the upturned slop-basin, relieved that Sophia was taking no risks at the difficult corner of the parlour stairs, and anxious to know why both trays were not provided with mussels and cockles. Consider also this passage from H. G. Wells :

" Mr. Preemby's work in the counting-house was not very onerous, but he also gave thought and attention to the extension of the business outside. He invented several attractive circulars. His experience as a house-agent had trained him to note the existence of large comfortable-looking houses that might otherwise have escaped his observation, and to ascertain whether they were occupied ; he would then find out whether the Limpid Steam Laundry got the washing from such establishments, and, if not, he would send a circular and even follow it up with a personal letter. He was vaguely observant about the premises. He would go sometimes and look for quite a long time at the furnaces or the delivery-vans or any new piece of machinery, like the new calendering machine, until he got used to it. . . .

" Occasionally he had happy ideas. It was his idea to paint the delivery-vans bright blue and decorate them with a swastika, and to paint exactly the same colour and design on the front of the laundry and put it on the bills. But when he wanted to put the van-drivers into swastika caps and blue the clothes baskets Mrs. Preemby said she thought the thing had gone far enough."

H. G. WELLS, *Christina Alberta's Father.*

Once again we find ourselves hoping that some of Mr. Preemby's circulars were successful, and feeling that Mrs. Preemby was rather a spoil-sport, also that a laundryman who adopted a swastika as a sign had

more in his mind than his life and appearance might suggest. The swastika is significant.

§ 7. **Plain Writing on High Themes.**—But modern writers are not only concerned with tea-trays and washing-days. They deal with great themes, but never in the "grand manner," possibly because the deep experiences of 1914–18 showed how trumpery a thing was fine writing as compared with fine acting and even finer endurance. Here is an account of the British troops setting out for the landings in Gallipoli, beautiful in its stark simplicity:

"No such gathering of fine ships has ever been seen upon this earth, and the beauty and the exultation of the youth upon them made them like sacred things as they moved away. All the thousands of men aboard them gathered on deck to see, till each rail was thronged. These men had come from all parts of the British world, from Africa, Australia, Canada, India, the Mother Country, New Zealand, and remote islands in the sea. They had said good-bye to home that they might offer their lives in the cause we stand for. In a few hours at most, as they well knew, perhaps a tenth of them would have looked their last on the sun, and be a part of foreign earth or dumb things that the tides push. Many of them would have disappeared for ever from the knowledge of man, blotted from the book of life none would know how—by a fall or chance shot in the darkness, in the blast of a shell, or alone, like a hurt beast, in some scrub or gully, far from comrades and the English speech and the English singing. And perhaps a third of them would be mangled, blinded or broken, lamed, made imbecile or disfigured, with the colour and the taste of life taken from them, so that they would never more move with comrades nor exult in the sun. And those not taken thus would be under the ground, sweating in the trench, carrying sandbags

up the sap, dodging death and danger, without rest, or food, or drink, in the blazing sun or the frost of the Gallipoli night, till death seemed relaxation and a wound a luxury. But as they moved out these things were but the end they asked, the reward they had come for, the unseen cross upon the breast. All that they felt was a gladness of exultation that their young courage was to be used. They went like kings in a pageant to the imminent death."

JOHN MASEFIELD, *Gallipoli.*

Modern authors write much of the sea, and their theme is usually not so much the grandeur of the ocean as the grandeur of man's dealings with its remorseless power. Consider the following:

"And she crawled on, do or die, in the serene weather. The sky was a miracle of purity, a miracle of azure. The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone, extending on all sides, all round to the horizon—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet. And on the lustre of the great calm waters the *Judea* glided imperceptibly, enveloped in languid and unclean vapours, in a lazy cloud that drifted to leeward, light and slow: a pestiferous cloud defiling the splendour of sea and sky.

"All this time, of course, we saw no fire. The cargo smouldered at the bottom somewhere. Once Mahon, as we were working side by side, said to me with a queer smile: 'Now if she would only spring a tidy leak—like that time when we first left the Channel—it would put a stopper on this fire. Wouldn't it?' I remarked irrelevantly, 'Do you remember the rats?'"

JOSEPH CONRAD, *Youth.*

§ 8. **Nature Writing.**—The sights and sounds of the country-side and the lives of the "furtive folk" of

wood, field, and hedgerow are described in some of the best modern prose, and the present-day author avoids any air of condescension in dealing with what many earlier writers regarded as "the lower creation."

"But the commonest bird, the one which vastly outnumbers all the others I have named together, is the starling. It was Caleb Bawcombe's favourite bird, and I believe it is regarded with peculiar affection by all shepherds on the downs on account of its constant association with sheep in the pasture. The dog, the sheep, and the crowd of starlings—these are the lonely man's companions during his long days on the hills from April or May to November. And what a wise bird he is, and how well he knows his friends and his enemies! There was nothing more beautiful to see, Caleb would say, than the behaviour of a flock of starlings when a hawk was about. If it was a kestrel they took little or no notice of it, but if a sparrow-hawk made its appearance, instantly the crowd of birds could be seen flying at furious speed towards the nearest flock of sheep, and down into the flock they would fall like a shower of stones and instantly disappear from sight. There they would remain on the ground, among the legs of the grazing sheep, until the hawk had gone on his way and passed out of sight."

W. H. HUDSON, *A Shepherd's Life*.

§ 9. **Conclusion.**—You are now, I hope, in a position to read your modern books with greater pleasure and profit. A study of the classics of English literature must lead to this end. You cannot, however, rest in them. They were not written for you in the first instance, but for the people of the writer's own generation, and that is the reason why you only read them with an effort. But I hope I have proved that this effort is well worth while.

COMMENTARY

Wisdom and Archery (page 17). Professor Saintsbury calls Ascham's style of writing "a go-cart to habituate the infant limbs of English prose to orderly movement." The description is good, because we feel as we read that the infant has not yet learnt to walk upright, though he can do rather more than hobble. Ascham uses alliteration and antithesis to an extent not allowable in good prose of to-day, but he manages to convey his meaning with clearness and some amount of conciseness.

Antony and Cleopatra (page 19). It is interesting to inquire which phrases and words remind you, as you read this piece of Elizabethan prose, of the Authorized Version of the Bible published in 1611.

There are several sentences constructed in a manner different from that adopted in later times—*e.g.* "Cleopatra on the other side . . . win Antonius." The meaning is clear enough, but the reader must read very carefully. How would a modern construct the sentence? It is followed by a charming sentence which might have been written yesterday. In a later part of the excerpt there are involved sentences burdened with parentheses.

There are not very many words in the passage which we should now class as archaisms—that is, words that have gone out of use or changed their meaning. On the whole the style, though dignified throughout, is unequal, and gives the impression that English prose was feeling its way to perfection. North's language is in places highly poetical, a characteristic of most Elizabethan prose, as we shall see. He could draw a clear word picture deftly and strongly, but does not resort to the conversation upon which modern writers rely to rouse and sustain interest. It would be a good exercise to try to make this story conversational.

Euphues writes to Lucilla (page 22). This is a love-letter. You will probably smile at this, showing that you have unconsciously applied the comparison test to its style. Would any one write or like to receive such a love-letter to-day? If not, why? The detailed answer to this question will be a summary of the peculiarities of the style adopted by John Lyly in writing his *Euphues*.

It is marked by constant use of antithesis (one thing set over or balanced against another), alliteration (the use of the same initial letter or sound in two or more successive words), and classical images or comparisons. It is not really difficult in vocabulary—indeed it is very simple; but the difficulty we feel in trying to understand it arises from the author's desire to show how cleverly he can balance phrases and pile metaphor on simile. Lucilla is very literally overwhelmed by the lover's learning, and one could imagine Shakespeare's Rosalind saying that she would "as lief wed a dictionary."

This peculiar, stilted, pedantic, and overloaded style gave rise to the adjective euphuistic, meaning an affected or high-flown manner of writing.

But the following extract from the same book shows the author in another light. During Euphues' voyage to England even Philautus grew weary of retailed wisdom and said, "In faith, Euphues, thou hast told a long tale; the beginning I have forgotten, the middle I understand not, and the end hangeth not together. . . . In the meantime, it were best for me to take a nap, for I cannot brook these seas, which provoke my stomach sore."

The Golden Touch (page 24). The prose of this play is comparatively simple, though it shows the balance and contrast or antithesis, and the alliteration which distinguishes *Euphues*.

Lyly's prose is prose which has not thrown off the ornaments of verse. It is the prose of an age which could express itself far more readily in song, sonnet, and poetic drama, and this poetic character is the mark of nearly all Elizabethan prose, as we shall see.

He cannot use skilfully the construction, "is not because . . . but." Mark these words in his sentence beginning with "On the contrary," and note how much comes between them; so much indeed that he is forced to

pick himself up by using the words, " but in truth the reason," etc. The eloquence of the intervening clauses must not blind us to the weakness of the construction; and truly eloquent they are seen to be when we take time to consider each of them in turn.

The meaning of what follows will become clear if we read, " the reason wherefore we mostly extol their felicity is *because* they have virtuously reigned," and for each of the *ifs* which follow we substitute " because," continuing this substitution down to " raised them up."

On the whole the modern reader feels somewhat exhausted before he has reached the end of this paragraph, which is so eloquent and strong in its details but so involved to the present-day reader in its main argument. The " go-cart " is a little improved as a means of conveyance, but not much.

In Arcadia (page 28). The first paragraph shows clearly how Elizabethan poetry spilled over into prose. Not much effort would be required to put the passage into verse form.

In the second passage, though we find many of the marks of euphuism, such as " though she knew not what to fear yet she feared because she knew not," * we also find more robustness of thought and a definite theme, though not a novel one, for it is similar to that of the Homeric story of the Trojan warrior Hector and his loving wife Andromache. There are, moreover, many distinct signs of power of character-drawing by means of conversation. This is a distinct advance on previous writers.

Religion and Happiness (page 31). Hooker has left the go-cart and " found his feet " ; on which he plants himself very sturdily, but moves uncertainly and with many backward looks. Had he been able to " walk," he would probably have rendered his first few lines as follows :

" Wherefore the sum of every Christian man's duty is to labour by all means towards that which other men seeing in us may justify " (*i.e.* commend), " and by all

* In our own time we leave this kind of writing to the " smart " advertiser ; thus, of a brand of cigarettes : " They've made their way by the way they're made." Here is the modern euphuist.

means to avoid that what" (*or* which) "we ourselves must accuse if we fall into it, considering especially . . "

We must pass from the end of the fifteenth line to "if so be" in the twenty-eighth line to get at the meaning of the sentence which begins "On the contrary part."

On the whole we respect the Elizabethans who could read or listen patiently to these involved sentences without suffering from vertigo.

The "Revenge" (page 33). Here is a lofty theme treated in the requisite lofty manner by a man of action who knew more of the subject at first hand than a mere writer could ever know. The style is surprisingly modern. Here is no go-cart, but a swift vessel or pinnace scudding across the water. Here are short, vivid sentences or clauses, some of them dispensing with a verb but never missing it, the meaning always perfectly clear. There are, it is true, many constructions curious to the modern reader—the ship may be swift, but it is rough-hewn when you come to look into it closely, not a modern yacht or steamship; and there are many words which Raleigh uses with different meanings to those which we give them —*by reason of* for *by means of*; *as* for *that*; *who* or *which* for *this*; *as* for *so that*; *into* for *in*; *condescended* for *consented*. An occasional touch of *euphuism* appears, as in, "As the day increased so our men decreased." The heroism of the sailors is simply and modestly described. Jingoism was born and flourished long after the time of Grenville and Raleigh.

A Voyage to the East Indies (page 41). This extract gives not only a clear statement of the successive events which took place on the voyage, but a blend of the styles of the simple mariner and the accomplished scholar. It is not difficult to see where the editor touches up the sailor's yarn, though he is literary artist enough to record his simplicities, as when he gravely sets down: "but (God be thanked) they all recovered saving only the four which were slain outright." A sea story seems to have had a wonderfully freshening effect upon English prose of the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." Note that there is no moralizing or making of excuses, and it is taken for

granted that God is on the side of the English adventurers who "took" whatever they wanted from well-laden "barks" of Portugals and Moors.

N.B.—Occasional variations of spelling need not worry you.

The Authorized Version (page 45). This rendering of the Scriptures is the greatest prose work of any age or language, and one which has had most influence on later writers down to our own time. (Traces of its style can be detected in the short paragraph by H. G. Wells on page x!)

In this new Bible the translators avoided, as previous translators had done, the Latinized style of Hooker and his compeers and gave to the English nation a rendering in their own vocabulary, phrasing, and idiom. No more superb, purely English sentence was ever written than this: "There were shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

Note, too, the homely English expressions: "a great man with his master;" "went away in a rage;" "Is all well?" etc., and the extreme simplicity of the style. Differences of construction can be readily detected; we have, for example, long given up the use of the introductory "And" and "But," and we never use in prose the old form of the Third Person, such as "liveth," or the Second Person Singular Pronoun, or such Interjections as "Lo" and "Behold."

The Bible prose is full of beautiful rhythms and cadences. It is in a real sense poetic prose, so full of appeal to the ear and the emotions that it has often lulled the understanding to rest, and people have read and repeated the lovely cadences without considering too closely the meaning of the phrases and sentences. The translation was not faultless, and contained many obscure passages. Hence arose the necessity for a Revised Version, which was made in the nineteenth century and resented by many people to whom the Authorized Version had become a sacred thing. An example of the manner in which real obscurities were cleared up is given in the passage entitled "Christmas Morning" at the end of *Pattern Prose*, Part III. (T.E.S., No. 109), page 206, and this reading might be studied again at this point.

The Gods of Caliban (page 49). This is what we might call character prose, and a new thing in English literature. It is true that Lyly had used it (see page 24), and many others before Shakespeare, but their characters did not express themselves with the life and vigour of Shakespeare's sailors. The Bible also contained dramatic prose, but this was drawn from Hebrew literature, and was only English in its language. So we have to consider not so much how Shakespeare writes, but how Stephano and Trinculo speak, and judge the author by that. The strange creature Caliban, who represents the "salvages" of the Elizabethan adventurers, speaks in blank verse, and for the present is out of our consideration. (It is interesting to speculate on Shakespeare's reason for making the savage speak in rhythm.)

On the whole the language, like that of the Bible, is Anglo-Saxon, as we should expect from rough English sailors, though Trinculo becomes rather literary when he says, "Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows." Perhaps he was quoting.

Shakespeare stands apart from our study of the development of English prose, or tracing of the evolution of the motor car from the go-cart. He is "not for an age, but for all time"; he does not travel on the earth, but in the upper air, like his own Ariel, and seems to have alighted upon a clear-cut modern prose style beyond the powers of his contemporaries.

The Fire-ships at Calais (page 56). This is the "high style" to be expected from a classicist—not a "fearful sight" but a "terrible spectacle," not "wondrous speed" but "incredible alacrity," not "bore and drove off" but "sustained and repulsed," and so on; a return to the Latinity of Hooker. The style is, however, perfectly clear and very vigorous, differing only from modern writing in the arrangement of certain sentences and in the use of a few words which we now consider archaic—*e.g. likewise* for *also*; *present* for *immediate* death; *guiding* for *guidance*, etc. The word *prevented*, in the first sentence of the third paragraph, means *forestalled*, literally "went before," as in the Collect, "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings," etc., which dates from this period.

Studies (page 59). Bacon's style is terse, even to a fault, every word being significant and requiring careful, concentrated thought. Indeed, there are sentences so concise that the ordinary mind must supply words and phrases before the full meaning can be grasped. It is also epigrammatic—that is to say, full of short, pithy sentences, which are true for all time and all peoples, which slip easily into the memory and are retained without effort. There are several of these epigrams to be found in this essay.

A Complete Education (page 61). The euphuist fires off metaphors, similes, and allusions like a machine-gun; but Milton, poet and artist, whose aim is to convey worthy ideas rather than exhibit his own cleverness, gives us one striking metaphor which the mind can dwell upon and develop at leisure—the path or way of education, steep at first, but afterwards smooth, green, and full of goodly prospect. Then he changes, slowly and deliberately, to another image—that of a feast—which he works out with vigour. His "asinine feast of sow thistles and brambles" shows the intense personal feeling which runs through all his prose, and marks a somewhat new departure in English prose. He is not only an observer of things, but actively engaged in what he writes about. He is not simple in a Biblical sense, but shows how Latinity can be used with force and spirit. Notice the strong, firm ending of each sentence, and that the word "charming" is not used in the weak modern sense, but with its original meaning, that which casts a spell, while "civility" has its earliest meaning of social duty, and "virtue" means manliness.

There is apparent obscurity here and there, due to the writer's strong feeling which carries him away and to his easy command of language. It is not easy to follow the paragraph which begins, "But here the main skill"; and there is an arrangement of clauses in the sentence beginning, "At the same time," which modern writers would avoid.

This is no longer a go-cart, but, shall we say, a nobleman's carriage, without springs, but nobly built and richly decorated!

Piscator and Venator (page 64). Walton chose an excellent medium, that of dialogue, for his lively, fresh, open-air writing, but it will be noted that it is dialogue, not drama. Can you distinguish Piscator from Venator as easily as you can distinguish Sebastian from Trinculo?

This is not only the first angling book, but the first of a long line of Nature books, full of life and vigour, the product of the fresh air and the sunshine. (Of course the fish and the worm and the otters do not count: the angler can always "put the worm on the hook" as if he loved it"!) Perhaps, however, we are doing injustice to Roger Ascham, and ought to reckon his *Toxophilus* and the lost *Cock-Fighting* as the first of books of open-air sport.

The Hill Difficulty (page 69). It is not difficult to tell on which book Bunyan based his style, namely, Christian's roll! So far he is imitative or reminiscent, but he was also a creator. His story is all his own, and his characters have strong individuality, which is usually expressed, by a touch of genius, in the names he gives them—Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, Mr. Facing-both-Ways. His book has, moreover, historical value, for the actors are all people of his own time, and the doings are the mirror of an age.

The style, like that of the Bible from which it springs, is highly poetical, and, again like the Bible, intensely English—line after line of simple Anglo-Saxon words for the most part of one syllable! And there is stark simplicity, not only in the vocabulary but also in the narration. It is no wonder that *The Pilgrim's Progress* came to rank for many generations as second only to the Bible in the lives and hearts of simple men and women.

Bunyan has a liking for the occasional use of verse of a very poor kind. His poetic powers are more clearly seen in his prose.

On Toleration (page 76). Locke was born before his time. Even in our own day many people try hard enough to change the opinions of others, but in his time differences of opinion, if not a matter of life and death, as they had been in Tudor times, were, at all events, a matter of comfort and well-being—occasionally even of livelihood.

He does not write for wandering wits. His sentences are occasionally lengthy, and the conclusion is often held up until the reader has digested the meaning of a number of co-ordinate clauses. The vocabulary is not pure Anglo-Saxon. It could not be, because the Anglo-Saxons did not invent the words that Locke needs for his argument, and which he was obliged to draw from Latin, and Latin through French. But on the whole he uses plain English, and does not use any terms which an ordinary well-educated reader could not understand. More people might study "divine philosophy" if all philosophers wrote like Locke. In temper of mind Locke resembled Ascham. But the go-cart has been evolved into a much more competent means of transport—perhaps an easy, ambling, harmless nag making a rather lonely journey!

Sir Roger and Will Wimble (page 78). This is what we might call "dignified modern" or "stately modern," moving with the grace of a minuet rather than with the pace of a modern dance. Is there not a graceful measured dance known as "Sir Roger"? There are a few phrases like "well versed" which the moderns would not use, but not many. A kind of emphasis is obtained by the old-fashioned use of capitals, a device which checks the speed of the narrative, and probably for this reason was dropped by later writers of the age of railways and motor cars.

What is the relationship (if any) between this account and an old-time fable?

Sir Roger in the Gallery (page 82). There are touches of fun here at which Addison was not adept, though he is suffused with humour of the deeper kind; also of the antithesis beloved by the euphuist—"he ruined every Body . . . but never said a rude thing in his Life." On the whole, the two friends made a perfect match, and gave to the world one of the most delightful figures in literature, though it must not be forgotten that the *Spectator* contained many papers on other subjects than Sir Roger and his ways. There is a gentleness and urbanity about the *Spectator* papers which is very appealing, even in our own more vivid, not to say violent, age, which demands a thrill every morning, and another shortly after midday, if not before.

African Adventures (page 86). The age of the scholarly, retiring Addison could also provide thrills and dramatic situations in literature. Defoe's style is vigorous in its simplicity and lacks self-consciousness, being cleverly designed not to come between the mind's eye of the reader and the word pictures which the author is painting—a very triumph of literary art. Here he differs from Steele, and still more from Addison. Moreover, this is "character prose," as we find also in *Robinson Crusoe*. The narrator is always true to himself.

We stand here at the beginning of the story of adventure which is so popular in our own time. A modern writer would have made the meeting with the white man more dramatic. How? Try to rewrite it.

Gulliver reaches Brobdingnag (page 89). English writing of the highest kind owes much to Swift's direct, forceful manner, his precision and choice of the right words, and his simplicity. He writes fiction with an air of certainty and conviction—these things really happened exactly as narrated. This is *realism* as in *Robinson Crusoe*. But behind the story lurks the application and the lash of criticism, the sermon, with Puck's exclamation as a text, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Gulliver's Travels may have been written as social satire, and have survived as a "juvenile," but it is none the less in the direct line of development of the English novel of adventure. It differs from later examples in its lack of direct conversation.

A Lady's Letter (page 94). There can be found in this short extract, vivid narrative (of the domestic kind), sharp characterization, humour, and sprightliness, and the author manages to convey the impression that marriage, which chiefly occupies the thoughts of Clarissa and her friend, was as great an adventure as meeting a naked "Inglese" in an African forest. Therein lies Richardson's art.

The language and phrasing is perhaps a little too good for an ordinary young lady of the period, but Miss Howe had probably read deeply in Steele and Addison! A good modern writer would come a little nearer to real life.

Parson Adams and the Ghosts (page 97). Fielding's manner is vigorous and direct, very clear, and free from jargon, unless, of course, we judge it from the modern standpoint. If so, we must rule out expressions like "my fair countrywomen." If, however, we transport ourselves backward to Fielding's period, we find such expressions quite suitable to the leisured time. Such phrases as "the fair sex" we now class as journalese of the rather cheaper kind.

Read through the passage again, marking those words and phrases which you think would not be used by a good writer of to-day. This is the one way of studying the details of Fielding's style, or indeed of the style of any writer of a bygone age.

Addison's humour is tender, perhaps a little prim; Swift's is somewhat savage; Fielding's is genial and bantering. All are scholarly, and ready not only to quote from the ancient classics, which most of their readers would be able to read, more or less, but also to draw their similes and metaphors from the same source.

Note in the second paragraph an older method of using inverted commas or quotes, and a very stupid one. Quotes, by the way, are never missed in Elizabethan prose or in the Bible.

Commodore Trunnion's Wedding (page 103). We have left Ascham's "go-cart" far behind. English prose has become a strong cross-country hunter, ridden hard and occasionally given its head. Smollett is a humorist of the brusque, if not savage, kind. He wrote for readers of the "bull dog breed," who could better appreciate the humour of a tumble in the mire than an Addisonian quip. His chief merit is that he writes "of the little things he knows about," and gives a picture of his times which, if highly coloured, is true at least in general composition. He is one of the first of the adventurous writers of sea adventures, to which company Defoe and Swift did not belong.

My Uncle Toby, etc. (page 113). Here we have something new in style, and the forerunner of the light skirmishing of the modern writer of "sketches," who delights in bantering his readers and in avoiding all that is

bookish and formal. Sterne smiles whimsically and wags his forefinger at life, but he created many real characters having an independent life of their own, and among them the retired soldier, Uncle Toby, is one of the greatest and most lovable.

It is interesting to marshal in one company Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams, Commodore Trunnion, and Uncle Toby, and try to describe their similarities and differences. It was a great age in English literature which produced these immortal figures.

A Letter, etc., and **The Happy Valley** (page 115). This letter to Lord Chesterfield (see the picture by E. M. Ward, showing the author in his lordship's antechamber, now in the Tate Gallery, London) is a piece of strong and noble prose. It is more or less free from the heaviness of style which came to be known, not quite justly, as "Johnsonese." What could be simpler than "I had done all that I could; and no man is pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little"? It is the letter of a scholar and of an independent man, and it struck a heavy, if not a mortal, blow at the system of the time under which an author sought a "patron" among the nobility, and relied for success in life upon his (or her) favour instead of upon his own merits.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, and his sister Nekayah, escape from the Happy Valley, accompanied by the philosopher Imlac, and search vainly through the world for happiness, the philosopher acting throughout the story as the commentator on the events of the journey. He forms a kind of personified "moral," prosy enough to present-day taste, but pleasing to the readers of Johnson's period, who travelled by stage-coach when they moved about, which was not often, instead of by express train or motor car.

The "heaviness" and difficulty of Johnson's style in *Rasselas* is due not so much to the use of long words as to the frequency of Abstract Nouns which follow each other in quick succession.* There is also a studied

* "The first virtue, the touchstone of a masculine style, is the use of the active verb and the *concrete* noun."—Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. The word "masculine," however, seems ill-chosen. Surely Johnson's style, when it is most ponderous and abstract, could not be described as "feminine."

balance of phrase which often reminds us of Euphues, who was surely the lineal ancestor of the sententious Imlac.

The Goths in Rome (page 122). Gibbon's style shows rhythm, balance, dignity, occasional heaviness and slow motion, but also occasional majesty. He knew that he had produced a work which was to be literally monumental, for he wrote in his will, "I desire that my funeral be regulated with the strictest simplicity. Shall I be accused of vanity if I add that a monument is superfluous?" The writing, in spite of the broad sweep—a city falls in a sentence and a battle is fought in a phrase—contrives to remain pictorial, one striking picture closely succeeding another; painted broadly, but always with some arresting significant detail which serves to fix the scene upon the mind's eye of the reader. Gibbon's work is not wholly objective. His ruling idea was love of individual liberty regulated only by the civil demands of a well-governed community, and this idea dominates the whole of his work.

Modern readers frankly find him heavy and prosy, perhaps because of his continuous use of the Abstract Noun—*e.g.* read from "His decent firmness" to "immediately retire."

The Distresses of a Common Soldier (page 130). One of his contemporaries said of Goldsmith that he "wrote like an angel and talked like Poor Poll." An angel (presumably an English one) therefore writes with limpid clearness; he does not beat about the bush, but goes straight to the point and sticks to it; he uses both Saxon and Latin words, knowing that the latter were introduced into the language to help out the deficiencies of the native vocabulary; he avoids long and involved sentences; and he consistently takes the side of the poor and the oppressed.

Goldsmith comes near to the moderns in style and manner; but no modern essayist would dare to begin a paper with four fairly long paragraphs of "reflections." He would let the reflections arise from the story, and omit even the conclusion.

Boswell on Johnson (page 135). The author invented a new manner or *technique* of writing biography. If he had

written straightforward biography throughout he would have tired his readers with repetition of "he said" or "Johnson said," etc. So he breaks the even flow of his narrative by occasional portions set down in dialogue or dramatic form; and whenever he does this the reader expects some striking saying on the part of Dr. Johnson, and is rarely disappointed. Boswell's style is clear and easy, intimate but dignified, and full of individuality without mannerisms.

The forcibly expressed opinions of his hero provide numerous subjects for debate; for you must not be hypnotized into agreeing with all that Johnson said simply because he had the last word, or, shall we say, the last blow. You are permitted to think that he often talked arrant nonsense.

A Lively Diarist (page 141). Like her novel *Evelina*, Madame D'Arblay's *Diary* shows a careful attention to significant detail—that is to say, to the small things which, taken together, make a clear and complete picture. The first extract might be a page from *Evelina* itself, full of vivacious *pictorial* conversation without laboured description; the second shows the closest observation—one wonders how many onlookers noted Napoleon's trick with his reins; the third shows the writer's power of creating an impression of intense excitement and anxiety in a few well-chosen words.

Mr. Collins proposes (page 146). The secret of Jane Austen's power is her faithful observation and meticulously careful, quietly humorous description of things she really knew about. She did not attempt wide flights of imagination, but studied the character of those nearest to her with such care that she attained an insight which compelled attention and aroused the keenest interest in the minds of her readers in the doings of people who never did anything extraordinary. She has no intention of setting the world right or of describing great social or political upheavals, no passion or wild romance, but only a mild excitement, which is, however, real enough to those who experience it. She knew her limitations, but within them she ruled as a queen of women writers. Her formal style is the mirror of her period, when people spoke literally "by the book," and acted with equal precision

and deliberation. Railways had not yet been invented, and we might say that our "go-cart" has become a barouche or a carriage with postilions.

The sequel to this episode (in Chapter xx.) is equally entertaining.

Jeanie Deans, etc., and **Ivanhoe and Rebecca** (page 152). Scott wrote of Jane Austen—(1) "The big bow-wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch that renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied me." Scott, ever the most generous of men, did himself injustice, as the incident of Jeanie and the Laird will prove. (It provides, by the way, an interesting comparison with the story of Mr. Collins. The Laird is not so long-winded as Mr. Collins, but then he was not used to preaching sermons.) If he had said that he could not make a whole book out of so-called commonplace things he would have been nearer the truth: for, as we have seen, this story of a Scottish proposal is only an episode forming comic relief in a story of uncommon stress and strain.

(2) Here is an example of the "bow-wow" strain, the forced, strained talk in which people were supposed to have indulged in the Middle Ages—probably to match their armour, the striking of attitudes, and appeals to Heaven while murder and violence are afoot; the continual tumult and the shouting—in a word, melodrama. It is enjoyable for a time while the reader gives himself up to it, but, as no one knew so well as Scott himself, its unreality begins after a time to pall.

All Fools' Day (page 162). Charles Lamb calls a halt in our progress from the go-cart to the Rolls-Royce, but it is an agreeable halt which gives us time to "look before and after." The author was deeply read in literature, and especially in that of the time of Shakespeare, as our footnotes will show. He often purposely used words like "ornature," which were out of date and which he had drawn from the old Folios he loved to read. But his light, whimsical treatment of his subject is fresh in English literature, though it was foreshadowed in Sterne and Goldsmith. (Addison would probably have thought him a philanderer.) He uses many words of Latin origin and

many abstract nouns, but he does not use them thunderously. He seems to be expecting us to smile at such sentences as "I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. . . . I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants." What other "God's fools" of literature might he have mentioned?

Trotty Veck (page 167). Where is the go-cart now? This is more like an aeroplane! At first the description seems to be weighted with words, but as we read we are made to feel that nearly every word and phrase is necessary to secure the double result, a clear picture and deep human sympathy. But the style of Dickens is best left to himself, and must not be imitated, except perhaps in parody. This is how the American writer Bret Harte, who loved Dickens, imitated his style:

"An ugly knocker; a knocker with a hard, human face, that was the type of the harder human face within. A human face that held between its teeth a brazen rod. So hereafter, in the mysterious future should be held, etc., etc.

"But if the knocker had a fierce human aspect in the glare of the day, you should have seen it at night, when it peered out of the gathering shadows and suggested an ambushed figure; when the light of the street lamps fell upon it, and wrought a play of sinister expression in its hard outlines; when it seemed to wink meaningly at a shrouded figure who, as the night fell darkly, crept up the steps and passed into the mysterious house; when the swinging door disclosed a black passage into which the figure seemed to lose itself and become a part of the mysterious gloom; when the night grew boisterous and the fierce wind made furious charges at the knocker, as if to wrench it off and carry it away in triumph. Such a night as this.

"It was a wild and pitiless wind. A wind that had commenced life as a gentle country zephyr, but wandering through manufacturing towns had become demoralized, and reaching the city had plunged into extravagant dissipation and wild excesses. A roistering wind that indulged in Bacchanalian shouts on the street corners, that knocked off the hats from the heads of helpless

passengers, and then fulfilled its duties by speeding away, like all young prodigals—to sea."

Condensed Novels:
"*The Haunted Man*," by Ch-rl-s D-ck-ns.

The End of Sydney Carton (page 171). Here Dickens forsakes the ordinary life of his own time for history, but chooses a period full of inhuman stress, horror, and excitement—that of the French Revolution. He has been charged with being melodramatic—that is, with making violent appeals to the emotions and misrepresenting real life in order to obtain striking dramatic effects. But you will notice that he did not make Sydney Carton *speak* the last paragraphs of this passage on the scaffold. If he had he would certainly have been melodramatic. And his description of the details of the horrible scene is marked by strict restraint.

Mr. Micawber (page 178). This passage shows us Dickens's great powers of description and characterization as well as his sense of humour—a pathetic humour in this instance; or, if you will, a humorous pathos which arouses the reader's sense of pity while it amuses him. Mr. Micawber, by the way, shows us how to avoid jargon or circumlocution, the fault of a style of writing which has come to be known as journalese, though all journalists do not write in this pompous and windy way. It would be interesting to know what Charles Lamb would have said of Micawber.

Private and Confidential (page 185). Rebecca's style is made to reveal her character—that of a humorous, observant, somewhat designing young lady who had her own way to make in the world and intended to do well for herself, rather gushing and extravagant, but not more so than most young ladies of her time. She has an eye for a picture—*e.g.* "As we passed . . . shining in the sun," and the description of the great hall.

It will interest you to inquire whether Thackeray has endowed his heroine with his own descriptive power—whether, indeed, he has not overdone it.

Lady Castlewood (page 194). In *The History of Henry Esmond* we are introduced to an aristocratic Jacobite

family, and this story was written by Thackeray in the manner of that period—that is, he deliberately changed his own style of writing for that of Addison and Steele, and he succeeded wonderfully in this very difficult task. Every word and phrase is carefully chosen, and yet there is no sign of artificiality or stiffness, and the writing is full of genuine feeling, while the ideas and opinions are not those of the Early Victorians of Thackeray's own time but those of the people of the time of Queen Anne. This was a piece of work which Dickens could not have achieved, or would probably not have considered worth all the trouble involved, for Thackeray would spend hours over details. One day he met a friend in the British Museum, and told him he was looking up General Washington. "Finding out all about his campaigns and policy, I suppose?" said the friend. "No, the kind of breeches he wore," said the novelist.

Jane Eyre meets Rochester (page 197). Charlotte Brontë's style is sombre, full of passionate feeling and expectancy, somewhat masculine, or sexless, which the best writing ought to be, occasionally rhetorical but usually distinguished, partly because of its comparative simplicity of language and quiet deliberation of thought. Consider, for example, the beautiful first paragraph of this extract. How would Dickens have told this story?

This extract leaves us full of expectancy of a moving sequel, as it was meant to do. Note how quietly it begins, and how the quietness is abruptly interrupted. So the even tenor of Jane's life was broken by the coming of Rochester.

The Flood (page 203). This is strong, real, moving, dramatic, free from melodrama, and forming a wonderful climax to an engrossing story. Moreover, it is entirely in keeping with the story, for Maggie's whole career had been stormy, and her life dominated by her love for her brother Tom. Try to find in this description any indications, however slight, of the writer's sex.

The Tea Party (page 211). No writer—not even Shakespeare himself—could describe more clearly and humorously the ordinary people round about her. George Eliot makes them very real, and avoids laughing *at* them in a

superior way, while she succeeds in revealing the finest shades in their characters. This is a real triumph of literary art. Her language is perhaps a little formal, according to our modern ideas; perhaps you can find a few words and turns of expression which made me offer this opinion. But how splendid a vehicle for the carriage of thought English prose has now become!

Charlotte Corday (page 216). This is undoubtedly a new style of writing. We might, without much injustice, compare it to one of the first motor cars—difficult to start, full of sudden surprises, explosive, but powerful, and once it is started, travelling at a speed which leaves the dignified Victorian landau far behind! To Victorian readers this style of writing must have seemed strangely distorted, yet many of them were thrilled by its originality, and even when it was most difficult they recognized the intensity of the author's personal feeling and his masterly power of word painting.

London at the Restoration (page 222). It will be readily acknowledged that this is history "with a difference." Instead of repelling, it interests us because it is pictorial, simply and easily written, and tells of things which interests ordinary people. Macaulay could, and did, deal with high politics, but he always set them against a background of human activity, and this is what has made people say that his history had the interest of fiction. Severe historians of a later time say that much of his history *was* fiction, but they cannot deny his power of arousing and sustaining interest.

The Battle of Plassey (page 224). We see from this passage that Macaulay was equally at home in describing action as in describing the background of action. The short sentence and clause gives the effect of rapid movement, which is never impeded by the use of cumbrous words or phrases. The detail is not too fine, and the broad sweep is effectively used, as in the sentence at the end of the last paragraph but two.

The Bow of a Boat (page 228). This is poetic prose, not only in thought but in expression, and in a sense poetic prose is not perfect prose, for the function of prose is to minister to the reason and the understanding, as the

function of poetry is to minister to the emotions; and the use, for example, of alliteration in the last sentence of the first paragraph, and of very fine onomatopœia near the end of the passage, deflects the mind from the matter. Ruskin had been brought up on the Bible and Bunyan, and he could not help writing with the cadences of those great books; and though cadences are enjoyable they are not intellectually stimulating.*

We have travelled far from Euphues, but his ghost appears to me to have haunted Ruskin. Do you agree?

On his own Style of Writing (page 231). This intensely interesting passage shows us that Ruskin was his own best critic, acknowledging his euphuism and desire to achieve effect in sound, and so to stir emotion which might blind the intellect. But he will not forsake his cadences —his altered passage has "gained a little in melody"; nor his indirect quotations from the Bible—"Go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed."

But his writing "as good as he can do" is one of the many treasures of our literature—or, as he might have said in his earlier period, "one of the gems of its gloriously gleaming casket."

Ås Triplex (page 233). We can find here delicate rhythms, beautiful cadences (read aloud), and graphic phrases, with a polish and precision and balance worthy of Euphues himself. So polished is the prose that we are in danger of neglecting the matter, and this is a pity, for the thought is always suggestive and at times inspiring, occasionally beating down the carefulness of style and sweeping onward as if regardless of external matters. It would be interesting to speculate on Ruskin's opinion of Stevenson's style. Near the end of his life Stevenson forsook many of his mannerisms and began to develop a style which was simple and free, while still keeping its delicacy and pleasantness.

A Boy's Education (page 243). Here we have the tragi-comedy of life, even in a short extract, the tragedy

* Look again in this connection at the last reading in *Pattern Prose*, Part III., and note how lovely cadences have numbed the intellect for generations.

being more prominent and the comedy no mere boisterousness; also the condensation of ideas and the assumption that the reader knows his Shakespeare and other classics. The style shows a blend of the modern directness and plainness of language, with an occasional Johnsonian clause or phrase, full of abstract nouns of considerable length. The general effect is one of dignity, perhaps a little stand-offish, and perfection of literary workmanship, and the reader gains the impression of "looking before and after," of Meredith's debt to the past as well as his example for future writers.

The Assembled Choir (page 250). The title-page of this story informs us that it has been constructed "after the Dutch manner." Hardy is here referring to those Dutch paintings by Teniers and others in which every detail of the scene is shown with most particular care. A careful reading of this extract will show the suitability of the author's description of his story.

Hardy began life as an architect, and each of his books may be usefully compared to a building. *Under the Greenwood Tree* is one of the shortest of his stories, and may be likened to a chantry chapel, small but perfect, without any great expanse of bare wall. But one of the longer novels, such as *Tess*, or *Far from the Madding Crowd*, or *The Woodlanders*, is like a great cathedral, grand in conception, beautiful as a whole, but having here and there an expanse of plain wall, useful—indeed necessary—but not lovely in itself.

It takes a long time to build a cathedral, and it takes a long time to read a Hardy novel with care; and we seem, as we read, to be watching the erection, stone upon stone, arch over arch, until the tower rears its head against the sky. There are shadows in a great cathedral, and there are shadows in a Hardy novel, but the final and lasting impression carried away is one of sacred pity for, and admiration of the grandeur of, humanity.

Another writer has compared a Hardy novel to a long journey through moorland country in a rumbling carrier's cart, with plenty of time for deep thought on "Man, on Nature, and on Human Life," and an occasional halt in a village street for a gossip with the country folk.

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